THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 13, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Mr. Clergue of "New Ontario"

By Arthur E. McFarlane

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

McKinley in the Cabinet Room

By Chas. Emory Smith

A Tyrant and a Lady

By Sir Gilbert Parker

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Mr. Clergue of "New Ontario"

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF A "DOWN EAST" YANKEE WHO HAS MADE THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS BLOSSOM WITH NEW INDUSTRIES. THE STORY OF HIS SUCCESSES

MR. CLERGUE WITH HIS DOGS AND ONE OF HIS BEARS

THE young man who in these years of grace enters upon a business career with a soul full of honest hankering to emulate the great successes has grown cynical about certain things. He has been told to "take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves"; he has tried it, and the dollars did demonstrate their ability to take care of themselves—to a most poignant degree. He has been told that he "must stick to his last"; but he has seen people stick so firmly "to their lasts" that they seemed never to get away from them. He has been told, too, about the rolling stone which gathers no moss; but personally he does not want to gather any moss. Moreover, he remembers having in his youth rolled up some very large snowballs, when the sun shone genially upon the enterprise.

In short, the elderly truisms do not seem to suffice. The young man would like to believe that in the movements of those men who have gathered to themselves much power and great position in terms of dollars and cents there was some larger philosophy, some theories of action much deeper than are as yet known to any of the copybooks. Nor does he want to be told how they made their first money, for every one seems able to make a certain amount; but he does want to know how they began to make it fast. He would like to have just one example open to his study, a great financier's brain-walls left transparent, a money-hive with glass sides, as it were. Then he could observe the processes and draw the inferences for himself. But the Rothschilds and Morgans and Rockefellers keep what is in the back of their heads well covered with gray matter, and their mouths are little given to explaining their *grands coups*.

What the Man from Bangor Found in the Wilderness

Yet one example there is, and that offers itself, however unwillingly, in the person of Francis H. Clergue, the "Jason of Algoma," the "King of New Ontario," the "Wizard of the North"—and more besides. An American he is, and one who has remained curiously little noticed in his own country. But during the last five years he has done more toward the development of the Dominion to the north than any other ten men. From the raw material of a huge, unbroken wilderness he has built up companies that are capitalized at $117,000,000. He is the leader of the "American Invasion," and ranks in individual importance perhaps only second to the Premier himself. And if this is not a study of the handling of five hundred or a thousand millions, it *is* a study of the actual creation of wealth, of resource in man working with resource in Nature.

Mr. Clergue was born in Bangor, Maine, forty-three years ago. As a young man he taught school and imbibed law in the evenings. He was an omnivorous reader; and because, too, he was "generally interested in things," it seemed to him that the world was a much larger place than could be wholly taken in through the binoculars of Coke and Blackstone. Therefore he indulged his mind in mechanics and chemistry as side branches. Grown older, he still followed the average American way and went into business. And since, in the meantime, he had absorbed a good deal of commercial law and political economy he drifted into banking. At thirty-five he could count himself moderately wealthy. So far the old story.

The large things began with an idea. He was at that time associated with a number of men of considerable means, and they were casting about for methods to make more. But, with Mr. Clergue's advice, they did not consider the comparative advantages of New York and Chicago and Philadelphia, or of cotton or shoes or railroads. They went back to first principles, to the prime root and source of wealth. In the year 1895 Mr. Clergue started on a prospecting tour from Cape Breton to Port Arthur—two thousand miles or more—in search of "power"—water-power—some big, well-placed falls or rapids, which if once penstocked and turbined would draw manufacturers from everywhere into its plunging whorl. At Holyoke, in Massachusetts, an industrial population of 100,000 had grown up about such "power."

At Sault Ste. Marie he found it—horse-power enough to grind the grist of half a continent. And, as he expressed it himself with Homeric simplicity, "there was Lake Superior for a mill-pond." But already there was a 5000 horse-power canal on the Canadian side, a municipal enterprise and a woful failure. Clergue took it over, deepened and widened it so that it ran 15,000 more, used the stone blasted from it to build his power-house, leased a few turbines to the town to furnish it with light and power and water, and awaited the Manufacturers. They did not come.

Then he sat still for a time and indulged in some theorizing. But it was basic theorizing, such as all political economy had proven sound. He had cheap power, and the Great Lakes offered amazingly cheap transportation. If, then, there was available some *raw material* equally cheap, "until the world should be surfeited with the product of that power there would be no limit to the amount of capital which could be profitably invested in that raw material and that power." He aimed to be his own manufacturer. Above him stretched New Ontario, 150,000 square miles of wilderness, practically unexplored. He went into the bush, and in a region where of ten prospecting parties eight men died, spent months and tramped thousands of miles. But he found his raw material. While in Europe and the United States "pulp" wood was constantly becoming scarcer, here were forests of spruce that he could not hope to exhaust in a thousand years, and which renewed themselves in thirty. There were no logging rivers; but a few score miles of railway would serve his purpose no less handily for "shutes" and "skidways." So beside his power-house he built a pulp mill, big as an armory—and of much more beautiful architecture than most of them—and proceeded to make pulp.

There were dragons in the way, however. In these United States there was a hard and fast combination of paper-makers who decided that it would be a wise thing to abstain from buying Canadian pulp until they could get it at their own price. In Canada there was practically no market. And since this "mechanical" pulp, as it was then shipped from the mill, was half water, the doubled weight made freighting it to Europe not to be thought of. It looked very much like an "*impasse*."

Mr. Clergue decided that there was nothing for it but to make *his* pulp dry. This was an inspiration which aroused great hilarity among the paper-machine men. If it had been mechanically possible, the invention would have been patented a hundred years before. And when he submitted his ideas to them they only softened their hilarity to condescension and showed him how impracticable they were. Then he decided that he would have to make that dry-pulp machine himself. He knew something about mechanics and there were men obtainable who knew a great deal more. But their undertaking proved to be a tremendous one. It called first for a foundry and then for a machine-shop; and between them they cost $125,000. After that, too, there were months of daily disappointments. But that machine was built and perfected. And not only did it replace the wet-pulp rollers in the first mill, but a second, no less huge, was immediately added to it; and together their daily output is now the greatest in the world. No big paper contract, even in Japan, is made without finding how prices will run at the "Soo."

How the Sulphur Leak was Stopped

But, you will say, that could not have been done without capital. True enough. Mr. Clergue had behind him a company of wealthy, level-headed Philadelphians, who no doubt have counted for much more than the outside world can know or give them credit for. But it was Mr. Clergue's own personality which inspired the confidence. As one of his friends put it, money comes to opportunity like flies to honey. He *had* capital to draw upon, but every man has, and each in exact ratio to his own individual capacity.

Mr. Clergue was already drawing the attention of *his* capital to the money possibilities in "chemical" pulp—the raw material as refined by treatment with sulphite of lime. In it much greater profits lay. But to make it they must have sulphur, which meant seeking prices of another combine, and that in Sicily. "Now," quoth Mr. Clergue of New Ontario, "we were very distant from the coast, and to bring sulphur from Sicily all the way to Sault Ste. Marie seemed unreasonable; . . . in fact, it seemed unnecessary." So he began to look about nearer home for the yellow element. At the Sudbury nickel mines he found that "sulphurous acid gas was being raced off into the air to the value of about $2000 a day," and blighting everything for acres around it. The sulphur was there, but it was in combination with the pyrrhotite ore, and the nickel men informed him that there was no way of separating them that would save it.

He acknowledged that that was true—by any methods then in use. Then he went to work, built a model laboratory, "assembled about him practical and scientific men from all parts of the world," and their work was entirely successful! A nickel mine was purchased at Sudbury, a sulphite mill like a baronial donjon was put up at the "Soo," another 150 cords of spruce were used per day, and doubled profits did accrue. But in the meantime, in the laboratory, the question was coming up whether the residue which was left when the

sulphur was extracted could not be put to some use. The answer was breath-taking. When, by means of an electric treatment entirely original with Mr. Clergue, the nickel and iron were fused into a metal they gave a nickel-steel alloy of the highest grade. Shown to the Krupps they at once contracted for all that could be produced in the next five years! Then were swiftly erected a reduction works and a ferro-nickel plant. And both of them were no less huge and shapely than the great sandstone piles already flanking the power-house.

But again there seemed at first to be a large-sized fly in the ointment. Much of the Sudbury ore proved to have copper pyrites mixed with it, and a very little copper in nickel-steel entirely ruins its efficacy. Once more, with that faith in modern science which is a kind of industrial religion with Mr. Clergue, he had recourse to the laboratory. To remove the copper they needed caustic soda. The "Rhodin process" took it by electrolysis from common salt, and that simple commodity was within easy reach in a score of wells along Lake Huron! More than that, for the by-products—the chlorine, copper and sulphuric acid—there would be a ready sale. A great chemical works immediately went up on the other side of the canal, and Mr. Rhodin having other work to do, his brother was put in charge of it. Much of the chlorine was turned to prompt advantage as a bleach for the "chemical" pulp.

Iron Mines Discovered to Order

If you have come to the end of your sum of credulity in this fairy tale of modern American enterprise (Mr. Clergue has owned that it is "an interesting instance of evolution in industry") you will be wise to read no further. For the greatest is still ahead. In the ferro-nickel the percentage of the latter metal was seven, double what armor-plate specifications called for. If now just a little more iron could be found at hand to blend with that ferro-nickel—Mr. Clergue and his men once more took to the Algoma wilderness, and on the north shore of Lake Superior, twelve miles above Michipicoten, they discovered The Helen Mine, a mountain of red hematite assaying more than sixty per cent. pure. There were thirty million tons in sight. It is now being taken out at the rate of two thousand tons a day, and that more easily than gravel can be scooped from a gravel pit. And back of The Helen were found The Josephine and The Jackfish, The Magpie and more besides. In fact, the northerly sweep of the great Michigan deposits had been located!

After that things moved even more swiftly than before. Mr. Clergue looked about him simultaneously for a steel man and for ore boats. In the case of the latter he found himself blocked. Another cheerful combination of his own countrymen—Mr. Rockefeller being the chiefest—told him that there were none to be had. He promptly sent to England and brought back four ocean carriers. And a large part of their cargo consisted of Portland cement for the steel works!

His steel man he already had in the person of Mr. D. D. Lewis, formerly with Tom Johnson, of Cleveland. He was a man after Mr. Clergue's own heart. Against his chief's wager of $5000 upon the impossibility of it, he told him he would do his first converting for him within one year. He did it, too. The blast furnaces were not finished, but pig iron was brought five hundred miles from the Lake Erie ports. The roof was not on, but rails were rolled in the snow. And what Mr. Clergue needed in particular *was* those steel rails. For the company was now building three different railroad lines, and there were big Government contracts open for more thousands of tons of rails as well.

There is much more to tell, but it must be told even more glancingly than the foregoing. Of the three railroad lines under construction, the main one is aimed at that great inland sea, Hudson's Bay, and in two years counts on throwing open its vast and virgin fisheries to commerce. As it is, the prospector and the locating engineer often bunk in together; and ore and construction trains run all but alternately.

In 1628 Messieurs Repentigny and De Bonne received "in perpetuity by title of feoff and seigniory a grant of six leagues along the portage of Sault Ste. Marie, with a depth of six leagues." Mr. Clergue has read his grant as extending to the North Pole if necessary, and already he has moved southward into Michigan. On the American side the water has just been let into a 50,000-horse-power canal which would harbor fifty of the biggest liners afloat. The power will be used by two great chemical works, by a paper mill of the largest, and by other kindred enterprises. The Clergue Company has bestridden the international straits like a colossus.

Yet it is still on the Canadian side that the right hand of the colossus is at work. Two miles west of the "Soo" is going up a great lumber mill. At Goulais, thirty miles farther back in the wilderness, is another. And a model settlement is being built about each of them. The pine and birch and maple, the elm and poplar of New Ontario are beginning to be turned as thoroughly and as radically to use as its spruce and minerals. And they are not merely sawn into lumber. Woodenware of many sorts is already being manufactured, and "The Wizard of the North" has set his calculating eye upon Grand Rapids furniture-making and the cooperages of Maine. Here again is a vista of possibilities unlimited.

Supplementing the lumber mills there is now nearing completion a charcoal plant which will use more than three hundred cords a day. The main product will largely replace the coal and coke now imported as fuel for the steel works. The by-products—wood alcohol, tar, gas and acetate of lime—will also not be left to go to waste.

Brick works and car shops and ore docks have been built. Plans have been drawn for a three-hundred-ton nickel smelter. The steel mills, now running night and day, are to be enlarged until they will be capable of doing every kind of plate and tubular and structural work. A fleet of eighteen vessels, passenger and freight, is now kept more than busy, and the first big 7500-ton barge built for the company has just been launched. A five-hundred-foot dry-dock is ahead. Another 40,000-horse-power canal has been surveyed for the Canadian side. And the Indians who still "run" tourists down the St. Mary's Rapids—that quondam "health resort of whitefish," to use Mr. Clergue's own phrase—look gloomily at the huge power-houses, and wonder how long it will be before their occupation is altogether gone.

What the Man Himself is Like

So far this has been a study of how wealth may be created swiftly. And if rapids and tree and rock have not taught their own lesson of resources seized and opportunity made full use of, it can be done by no tag-ended moral. Now, what of the individual? Outside of the story of himself he has graven in steel and stone, and the obstacles he has hammered into tools to work them with, what manner of man is Francis H. Clergue?

He is protean. And behind his searchingly hypnotic eyes, his big bronze face, his solid, close-gripped jaws and bristle of mustache, he is sphinx-like. You know not where to have him. He has the nerve of a mining-camp gambler and the boldness of a Columbus. Yet he hates publicity, and has never allowed his picture to go upon paper. He labors tremendously, seeming to live as much upon work as upon food. Yet he jokes about it in the most frivolous manner. When taxed with never having married, he protested that for years he had been in love, but with *two* damsels, both equally fair and charming—and both maids "rejoiced in the same name, the sweet and softly sibilant name of 'Soo'!"

His bargains are hard-driven as steel rivets. And those who have opposed him and felt the force of his battering-ram howl impotently and call him the "Czar." But the Mother Superior and the good Sisters of Sault Ste. Marie hospital, who with a hundred others have known his large but silent generosity, are almost more in love with him than their faith and creed permit, and vow that his initials can stand for nothing but "Faith, Hope and Charity."

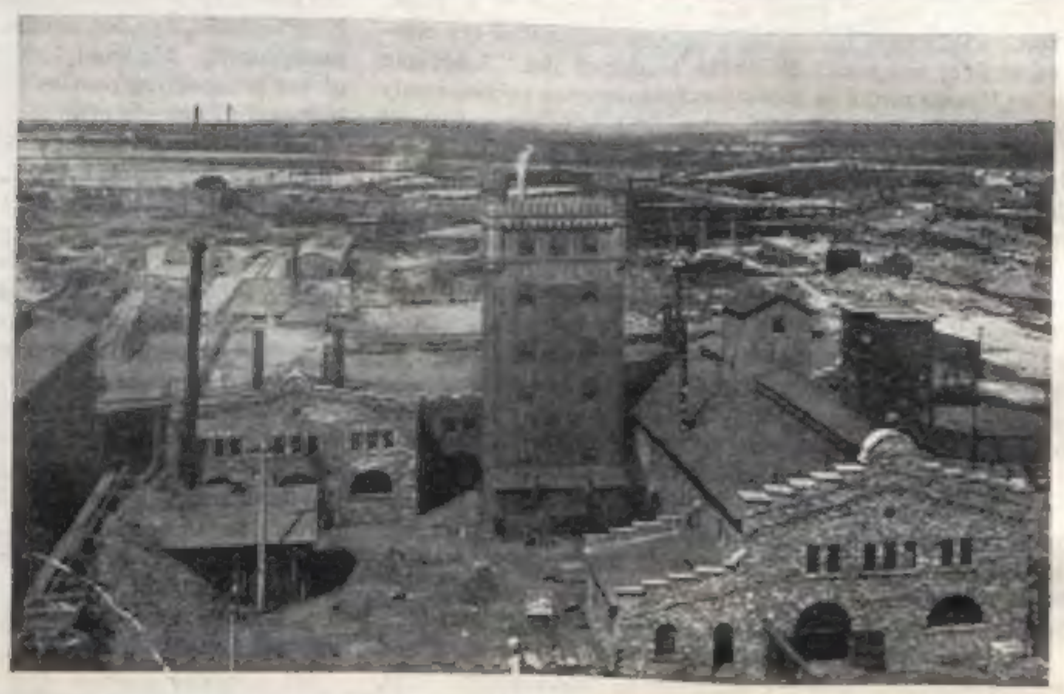
A prophet should have no honor in his own country, and a great man be anything but such to his valet. Yet the three hundred of Mr. Clergue's general staff and the seven thousand of his rank and file trust him wholly, and tell you almost with solemnity that he is a very wonderful man. We thought to please one of his lieutenants by comparing him with Pierpont Morgan. "Why," he said disgustedly, "Morgan—Morgan only has to know money! *He* has to know money, and pulp qualities, and ore grades, and chemicals, and steel, and boats, and railroad-building, and every other mortal thing! The only way he can get a rest from it is to back his Siesta out into the middle of Lake Superior. And then he generally has a bunch of capitalists aboard who are plaguing him crazy to get him to take their wads!"

The Wonderful Future of the "Soo"

Not long ago one of the foundry men celebrated a national holiday too lengthily, and came down to his next morning's toil in a state which needed only to be glanced at to be understood. When some of his fellow-moulders opened his mental eyes to his condition he was already well within the labyrinth of the works; and if a foreman or superintendent had come upon him he would surely have been paid off within the hour. He started on a run for the head office. "I wan' the King—see me first," he explained desperately; "I wan' him—be able to tell 'em just the kind of feller—feller I am, and that I ain'—ain' the kind feller that's ever goin'—goin' be ketched like this again!" And such sublime faith in the "King's" all-penetrant knowledge of human nature would almost seem to be well-founded. The calibre of that big general staff is the best proof of it. It is unsurpassable. Nor has there been any prejudice in favor of one particular type. Among his captains are Swedes, Belgians, Englishmen, Manxmen and French, to say nothing of Canadians and Americans. He has made the "Soo" a little cosmopolis. He has brought the same eyry vision to bear upon men as upon Nature.

And although this "Jason of Algoma" has certainly won his Golden Fleece, he plainly cares much less about money than he does about many other things. For years he has lived in the "blockhouse," a reconstruction of the crumbling trading-fort that had stood at the "Soo" for two centuries. He has treasuringly walled off all that is left of the tiny and no less ancient lock, up which the *voyageurs* once took their canoes full of furs and pemmican. He has made the works of the company not only the most efficient that brain of man could put together, but he has clad them in a beauty of architecture paralleled by no other group of industrial buildings in the world. His men are being housed in cottages as delightful and homelike and habitable as modern science can make them. And when the starved and despairing husbandmen of the Old World begin to flock into Algoma, the Dane is to be settled upon the lighter, watershed soil of his own country, the Scandinavian upon the clays, and the Breton in the woodlands which will be home to him. One might well think that this "American Invader" lives to put into practice the teachings of Ruskin and William Morris. Yet probably there is nothing further from his thoughts.

GENERAL VIEW OF CLERGUE INDUSTRIES



GENERAL VIEW OF REDUCTION WORKS

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

FROM JOHN GRAHAM, AT THE LONDON HOUSE OF GRAHAM & CO., TO HIS SON, PIERREPONT, AT THE UNION STOCK YARDS, IN CHICAGO

SAID I WAS AN HONOR TO MY PARENTS

LONDON, October 24, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont: Well, I'm headed for home at last, checked high and as full of prance as a spotted circus horse. Those Dutchmen ain't so bad as their language, after all, for they've fixed up my rheumatism so that I can bear down on my right leg without thinking that it's going to break off.

I'm glad to learn from your letter that you're getting along so well in your new place, and I hope that when I get home your boss will back up all the good things which you say about yourself. For the future, however, you needn't bother to keep me posted along this line. It's the one subject on which most men are perfectly frank, and it's about the only one on which it isn't necessary to be. There's never any use trying to hide the fact that you're a jim-dandy—you're bound to be found out. Of course, you want to have your eyes open all the time for a good man, but follow the old maid's example—look under the bed and in the closet, not in the mirror, for him. A man who does big things is too busy to talk about them. When the jaws really need exercise, chew gum.

Some men go through life on the Sarsaparilla Theory—that they've got to give a hundred doses of talk about themselves for every dollar which they take in; and that's a pretty good theory when you're getting a dollar for ten cents' worth of ingredients. But a man who's giving a dollar's worth of himself for ninety-nine cents doesn't need to throw in any explanations.

Of course, you're going to meet fellows right along who pass as good men for a while, because they say they're good men; just as a lot of fives are in circulation which are accepted at their face value until they work up to the receiving teller. And you're going to see these men taking buzzards and coining eagles from them that will fool people so long as they can keep them in the air; but sooner or later they're bound to swoop back to their dead horse, and you'll get the buzzard smell.

Hot air can take up a balloon a long ways, but it can't keep it there. And when a fellow's turning flip-flops up among the clouds, he's naturally going to have the farmers gaping at him. But in the end there always comes a time when the parachute fails to work. I don't know anything that's quite so dead as a man who's fallen three or four thousand feet off the edge of a cloud.

The only way to gratify a taste for scenery is to climb a mountain. You don't get up so quick, but you don't come down so sudden. Even then, there's a chance that a fellow may slip and fall over a precipice, but not unless he's foolish enough to try short-cuts over slippery places; though some men can manage to fall down the hall stairs and break their necks. The path isn't the shortest way to the top, but it's usually the safest way.

Life isn't a spurt, but a long, steady climb. You can't run far uphill without stopping to sit down. Some men do a day's work and then spend six lolling around admiring it. They rush at a thing with a whoop and use up all their wind in that. And when they're rested and have got it back, they whoop again and start off in a new direction. They mistake intention for determination, and after they have told you what they propose to do and get right up to doing it, they simply peter out.

JIM HICKS DARED HIM TO EAT A PIECE OF DIRT

I've heard a good deal in my time about the foolishness of hens, but when it comes to right-down, plum foolishness, give me a rooster, every time. He's always strutting and stretching and crowing and bragging about things with which he had nothing to do. When the sun rises, you'd think that he was making all the light, instead of all the noise; when the farmer's wife throws the scraps in the henyard, he crows as if he was the provider for the whole farmyard and was asking a blessing on the food; when he meets another rooster, he crows; and when the other rooster licks him, he crows; and so he keeps it up straight through the day. He even wakes up during the night and crows a little on general principles. But when you hear from a hen, she's laid an egg, and she don't make a great deal of noise about it, either.

I speak of these things in a general way, because I want you to keep in mind all the time that steady, quiet, persistent, plain work can't be imitated or replaced by anything just as good, and because your request for a job for Courtland Warrington naturally brings them up. You write that Court says that a man who has occupied his position in the world naturally can't cheapen himself by stepping down into any little piddling job where he'd have to do undignified things.

I want to start right out by saying that I know Court and his whole breed like a glue factory, and that we can't use him in our business. He's one of those fellows who start in at the top and naturally work down to the bottom, because that is where they belong. His father gave him an interest in the concern when he left college, and since the old man failed three years ago and took a salary himself, Court's been sponging on him and waiting for a nice, dignified job to come along and steal him. But we are not in the kidnapping business.

The only undignified job I know of is loafing, and nothing can cheapen a man who sponges instead of hunting any sort of work, because he's as cheap already as they can be made. I never could quite understand these fellows who keep down every decent instinct in order to keep up appearances, and who will stoop to any sort of real meanness to boost up their false pride.

They always remind me of little Fatty Wilkins, who came to live in our town back in Missouri when I was a boy. His mother thought a heap of Fatty, and Fatty thought a heap of himself, or his stomach, which was the same thing. Looked like he'd been taken from a joke book. Used to be a great eater. Stuffed himself till his hide was stretched as tight as a sausage skin, and then howled for pain-killer. Spent all his pennies for cakes, because candy wasn't filling enough. Hogged 'em in the shop, for fear he would have to give some one a bite if he ate them on the street.

The other boys didn't take to Fatty, and they didn't make any special secret of it when he was around. He was a mighty brave boy and a mighty strong boy and a mighty proud boy—with his mouth; but he always managed to slip out of anything that looked like a fight by having a sore hand or a case of the mumps. The truth of the matter was that he was afraid of everything except food, and that was the thing which was hurting him most. It's mighty seldom that a fellow's afraid of what he ought to be afraid of in this world.

Of course, like most cowards, while Fatty always had an excuse for not doing something which might hurt his skin, he would take a dare to do anything that would hurt his self-respect, for fear the boys would laugh at him, or say that he was afraid, if he refused. So one day during recess Jim Hicks dared him to eat a piece of dirt. Fatty hesitated a little, because, while he was pretty promiscuous about what he put into his stomach, he had never included dirt in his bill-of-fare. But when the boys began to say that he was afraid, Fatty up and swallowed it.

And when he dared the other boys to do the same thing and none of them would take the dare, it made him mighty proud and puffed up. Got to charging the bigger boys and the loungers around the post-office a cent to see him eat a piece of dirt the size of a hickory-nut. Found there was good money in that, and added grasshoppers, at two cents apiece, as a side line. Found them so popular that he took on chinch bugs at a nickel, and fairly coined money. The last I heard of Fatty he was in a Dime Museum, drawing two salaries—one as The Fat Man, and the other as "Launcelot, The Locust-Eater, the Only Man Alive With a Gizzard."

You are going to meet a heap of Fatties, first and last; fellows who'll eat a little dirt "for fun" or to show off, and who'll eat a little more because they find that there's some easy money or times in it. It's hard to get at these men, because when they've lost everything they had to be proud of, they still keep their pride. You can always bet that when a fellow's pride makes him touchy, it's because there are some mighty raw spots on it.

It's been my experience that pride is usually a spur to the strong and a drag on the weak. It drives the strong man along and holds the weak one back. It makes the fellow with the stiff upper lip and the square jaw smile at a laugh and laugh at a sneer; it keeps his conscience straight and his back humped over his work; it makes him appreciate the little things and fight for the big ones. But it makes the fellow with the retreating forehead do the thing that looks right, instead of the thing that is right; it makes him fear a laugh and shrivel up at a sneer; it makes him live to-day on to-morrow's salary; it makes him a cheap imitation of some Willie who has a little more money than he has, without giving him zip enough to go out and force fortune for himself.

I never see one of these fellows swelling around with their petty larceny pride that I don't think of a little experience of mine when I was a boy. An old fellow caught me lifting a watermelon in his patch one afternoon, and instead of cuffing me and letting me go, as I had expected if I got caught, he led me home by the ear to my ma, and told her what I had been up to.

Your grandma had been raised on the old-fashioned plan, and she had never heard of these new-fangled theories of reasoning gently with a child till its under lip begins to stick out and its eyes to fill with tears as it sees the error of its ways. She fetched the tears all right, but she did it with a trunk strap or a slipper. And your grandma was a pretty substantial woman. Nothing of the tootsey-wootsey about her foot, and nothing of the airy-fairy trifle about her slipper. When she was through I knew that I'd been licked—polished right off to a point—and then she sent me to my room and told me not to poke my nose out of it till I could recite

(*Concluded on Page 17*)

McKinley in the Cabinet Room

By CHARLES EMORY SMITH

Former Postmaster-General

SOME NEW STORIES OF THE LATE PRESIDENT ILLUSTRATIVE OF HIS KINDNESS OF HEART AND HIS RARE ABILITY FOR COPING WITH GREAT PROBLEMS AND GRAVE EMERGENCIES

PRESIDENT McKINLEY had a keen sense of humor. His social traits were very marked, and he had great fondness for the freedom and the joys of social intercourse. He loved to be among his friends and to abandon himself to the relaxation and exhilaration of unrestrained communion with those he trusted. At such times he was the life of the company. His talk sparkled with fun and interest.

His varied experience had been filled with entertaining incidents which were stored away in his retentive memory. His long association with the foremost public men had given him a fund of anecdote. His political campaigns which had brought him face to face with more people than any other man of his time had been signalized by many interesting episodes. On these he could draw at will. He had excellent faculty in telling a story or narrating an occurrence. He would often open a Cabinet meeting before settling down to business by recounting some little chapter of his army or political life which was recalled by the suggestion of the hour.

His sense of humor took various forms. It was sometimes subtle, sometimes open, sometimes exuberant. It was often a treat to see how, with perfectly serious look, not a suggestion of a smile, not a muscle of his face quivering, he would prick a hollow argument or claim with an ironical statement of its extreme development. He could never be otherwise than kindly, but he had a power of genial satire that would not be suspected by the chance acquaintance. He would sometimes dispose of an impossible demand by turning it, with the utmost gravity of countenance, into an absurdity which the author himself could not fail to perceive. In this keen method of dealing with the impracticable, which was a mingling of badinage and suavity, he was unequaled.

The President's Genial Badinage

In the lighter and gayer humor he had a deft touch. Judge Day, after his splendid service as Assistant Secretary and Secretary of State, had been appointed President of the Peace Commission that was about to leave for Paris and was attending his last Cabinet session. For eighteen months he had really managed the State Department under trying conditions with signal skill and judgment. He had been the lifelong neighbor and intimate friend of the President, who knew his great capabilities and had called him from his vicinage to high responsibilities.

In that closing hour of his Cabinet service there were mutual expressions of good will and of regret at the coming separation. Judge Day was not without his facetious vein. In a playful spirit he proffered his sympathies to his associates who were about to lose his counsel, and, the most modest of men as he was and is, remarked that he didn't know how they were going to get along without him. "Well," said the President with that most serious aspect which he put on when he was most in fun, "as every change in the Cabinet has been an improvement, perhaps we can stand it." The tables were turned on Judge Day, and no one joined in the laugh more heartily than he did. The two devoted and admiring friends could safely chaff each other.

When the time came for the final instructions to the Peace Commission, then engaged in its negotiations at Paris, as to whether it should demand from Spain the cession of the whole Philippine Archipelago or only a part, the discussion in the Cabinet was long and earnest. There was a full appreciation of all the grave issues involved. Every member expressed his views freely and unreservedly. When it came the turn of Secretary Wilson to give his counsel he spoke with his accustomed energy and even more than his accustomed seriousness. He was one of the most positive expansionists in the Cabinet. He made a forceful and cogent argument in favor of keeping the whole of the Philippines.

As he finished, the President, who like the others around the table had listened with silence and deep attention, quietly remarked: "I should have expected that argument from you. I have observed that you Scotch Presbyterians believe in keeping the Sabbath and everything else you can lay your hands on." As he was himself of Scotch origin he could well afford the jest.

It was with such touches of humor that he relieved the intense strain of the tremendous questions and the serious discussions that preoccupied him. On another occasion there was a most interesting incident which illustrated another side of his character. A Federal officer had issued a public paper in which he reflected on the Administration. It was a foolish and unwarranted criticism. The question came up as to whether he should be disciplined. The President had not known of the paper and asked to see it. On glancing over it he said: "I don't know but this officer is directly criticising me, and you had better leave the paper and let me examine it more closely." "And, Mr. President, if you find he is criticising you, what will you do?" "I will forgive him," was the President's immediate and calm answer. It was characteristic of his broad and generous nature.

He did not cherish animosities and resentments. In political rivalries he had no bitterness of feeling. His warm personal friends were found in the ranks of all parties. He was exceedingly tolerant of differences and of opposition, and he was ever ready to forgive and overlook even personal hostility which was not malicious. It would be a mistake, however, to infer that he did not have clear insight into men's motives and strong feeling against malevolent and mischievous antagonism. He was good, but he was righteously human.

Every man with red blood in his own veins is glad to think that Washington, serene, placid and awesome as he was, had the passions of our kind. We recall with unalloyed satisfaction the human and glorious spirit which blazed out from his flashing eye when he poured forth his just wrath on the false heart of Charles Lee in the hot day of Monmouth. So President McKinley, with all his equanimity of temper and all his beauty of disposition, was keenly sensitive to deceptive pretense and justly indignant at malign hostility. He knew how to restrain himself and when and where to strike. If he did not always betray his feelings he did not conceal them from his trusted friends, and his shrewd and caustic comments on envenomed misrepresentation and on perverse wickedness added piquancy to many a talk. Yet it remains true that his prevailing note was altogether kindly, that he always took the generous and considerate view where it was admissible, that he was ever ready to give a hand even to those who had wronged him, and that he had nothing of the virulent and implacable spirit.

Some Trying Weeks Before the War

The real strength of character and high moral purpose which underlay his amiable manner and his good humor were shown in the resolute and courageous firmness with which he restrained and held back the war impulse of Congress and the country. In the progress of the race through doubt and struggle there have been few finer exhibitions of individual power and moral heroism. Congress was bent on war with Spain. The country was inflamed with passion. The atrocities in Cuba could no longer be tolerated. The destruction of the Maine had set the national blood on fire. But for the unflinching determination of President McKinley war would have been precipitated at once.

It has often been said that his policy was to secure delay until the Government was better prepared for the conflict. Undoubtedly he understood better than an impulsive Congress and an impassioned people the folly of prematurely striking the blow. If war must come it was the part of wisdom to gain time for more adequate equipment. But the President's policy was deeper than mere delay. His great aim was to escape war altogether, and no higher testimony to his true nobility and greatness of soul can be presented than a just appreciation of his attitude in that eventful crisis.

His attitude was stated at the time by the present writer, following full, free talk with the President, in a dispatch which the President, after it was printed, said so accurately reflected his thought that it was among the few things he had put in his scrapbook. Here are two or three salient sentences: "Those who understand the President's spirit and purpose know that he is resolutely determined that war, with all its horrors, shall not be undertaken except for a cause which will commend itself to God and man. He realizes what war means and he will do his best to save the country from its calamity, unless impelled to it by reasons which will fully justify it in conscience and in history. Such a reason would be the defense of the nation's sacred honor; and as the country may rely that he will resist any clamor for war without the highest sanctification, so it may be equally sure that he will not permit its honor to be sullied. He appreciates the grave character of the emergency, but he is deeply impressed with his duty as President and as a patriot, and he will courageously fulfill it against any effort to precipitate war on the one hand and against any stain on the honor of the Republic, if that remote menace should appear, on the other."

The world knows now, notwithstanding some serious legacies, how much the war added to the glory of the McKinley Administration. It placed that Administration among the greatest in our history and identified it with a new national epoch. Not all of this could be foreseen. But, though much was concealed behind the veil of the future, it was plain in advance that war with Spain would be victorious. No one could presage its swift and amazing success. It might be prolonged and it might have fluctuating fortunes of victory and defeat. But it was certain, with our superior power and resources, to end in the triumph of the United States, and that triumph was sure to bring the release and, if we chose, the acquisition of Cuba.

No man saw this more clearly than President McKinley. Such a prospect of sure distinction would have appealed to the ambition of any statesman and ruler of less moral principle. But the glamor of successful war did not dazzle him. He saw its hardships and sufferings and sacrifices; he knew that while it would bring national and political aggrandizement it would darken many homes with sorrow; he felt that in the high tribunal of conscience and of history it could not be justified if there were any honorable way of avoiding it; and he set his face like flint against it. He intrepidly determined that there should be no war if he could help it.

At the same time he had no thought of abating his personal purpose or the national purpose of relieving Cuba. He had remonstrated against the cumulating horrors of Spanish rule in the island more directly, more vigorously and more menacingly than any of his predecessors. He believed that the cruelty on the one hand and the revolt on the other had gone to such an extent that the only relief and the only outcome must be the practical termination of Spanish control and the practical freedom of Cuba, and he meant to have this result, but he meant to have it, if possible, without war.

And so he stood like a rock while the tempest beat about him. The courage and the firmness of his position in those crucial days could only be appreciated by those who were in daily association. The leaders of Congress urged him to abandon negotiations and accept the appeal to the sword. The public clamor for war grew every day. If he had been simply the flexible follower of popular currents as some described him, he would have taken the easier course and yielded to this sentiment. But he resolutely faced and resisted it, and faithfully continued his effort to stay the clash until he could bring about a situation which would justify the belief that Cuba could be saved without the necessity of war.

How did he hope to do this? He must bring Spain to the necessary concessions. He must induce her practical surrender of Cuba. He must convince the Spanish Government that Cuba was irretrievably lost anyway, and that a recognition of that fact without war was better than a forced acknowledgment with the added blow of bloody and costly defeat. He must gain time to make this plain, to lead the Spanish rulers still further forward in the long advance they had already made, and to permit the intermediate steps which must be taken in order to carry the acquiescence of their own people before the final and absolute relinquishment of Spanish authority.

An Unpublished Chapter of Diplomacy

How earnestly President McKinley labored in this direction and how much he actually did is known through the public history of those days and through the diplomatic correspondence which was long afterward given out. While pressing preparations for the most untoward contingency he left nothing undone at Washington to temper Congress and to calm the country. On the other hand, he did all that was within his power at Madrid, through General Woodford, our accomplished and skillful Minister, to bring the Spanish Government to such liberal and advanced measures as would avert the necessity of armed intervention. But some features of the President's plan and some methods he contemplated for its promotion have never been published.

Editor's Note — This is the second of Mr. Smith's three papers on this subject.

One day, some six weeks or more before the declaration of war, he was talking on the subject in the Cabinet room with a friend who had been sent for. The talk on his part was earnest, impressive and weighty. He dwelt upon his profound anxiety to reach a peaceful solution of the controversy with Spain. He referred to the imminent risk that war would be needlessly precipitated; to the fact that the temper of Congress and the country was ripe for it; that it was easy to plunge into war with the consciousness of our overwhelming power; that, however sure of success in the end, it would have its vicissitudes and its sacrifices; and that, at the best, war was an evil which ought to be averted if possible.

He was, he said, doing all he could to that end. It was a difficult and perplexing task, but his duty was clear. He had faith that if sufficient time could be gained peace might be preserved with honor. He knew that this involved the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, but if the question were rightly handled and full opportunity for negotiations secured he felt that this result might be obtained. If the two Governments could fully understand each other, if the Queen Regent and her Ministers knew exactly what was in his mind and heart, he believed that a course could be mapped out which would meet the requirements of the United States, which Spain, having already advanced so far, might bring herself to accept and which might then assure peace.

To accomplish this it was essential to have the most perfect understanding. General Woodford was doing exceedingly well at Madrid. He was fulfilling his difficult mission with fidelity and sagacity. But he had been away many months, during which the situation had greatly changed, and no amount of writing could convey all that ought to be said. If some one could now go to Madrid, possessed of all the latest information and thoroughly conversant with the President's thoughts, wishes and purposes, and could coöperate with General Woodford, it would be a source of help and strength to him. If such a person could impart to the Queen Regent and her Ministers full knowledge of the exact situation in this country and an accurate understanding of the true spirit, hopes and aspirations of the President, it would aid them in reaching wise conclusions and be conducive to the great object of peace. For these reasons, added the President, he was meditating the sending of a special envoy.

It was suggested to him that the rôle of such an envoy would be exceedingly delicate and difficult. He could only supplement and second the regular Minister. The President replied that he understood this, and, of course, he had carefully considered every phase of the proposal. Finally, as he had seemed to invite discussion, he was asked if he had any man in view for the undertaking. "Yes," deliberately answered the President; "he is now in this room." There were only two men in the room besides the President. One of them was Senator Hanna, and in the nature of the case, with his duties in the Senate, he could not be meant. It was plain that the President meant the other, and the surprising announcement explained why he had been summoned and why the President's thought had been unfolded as it was.

It is unnecessary to follow the interview any further. It need only be added that, after taking time for consideration, the friend found himself unable for personal reasons to go; that events hastened rapidly to a culmination; that no person went, and that any such mission would, as it turned out, probably have been futile. The incident, which has hitherto been known only to the immediate participants and one or two others, has no importance or significance except for two reasons, which are the only reasons for mentioning it.

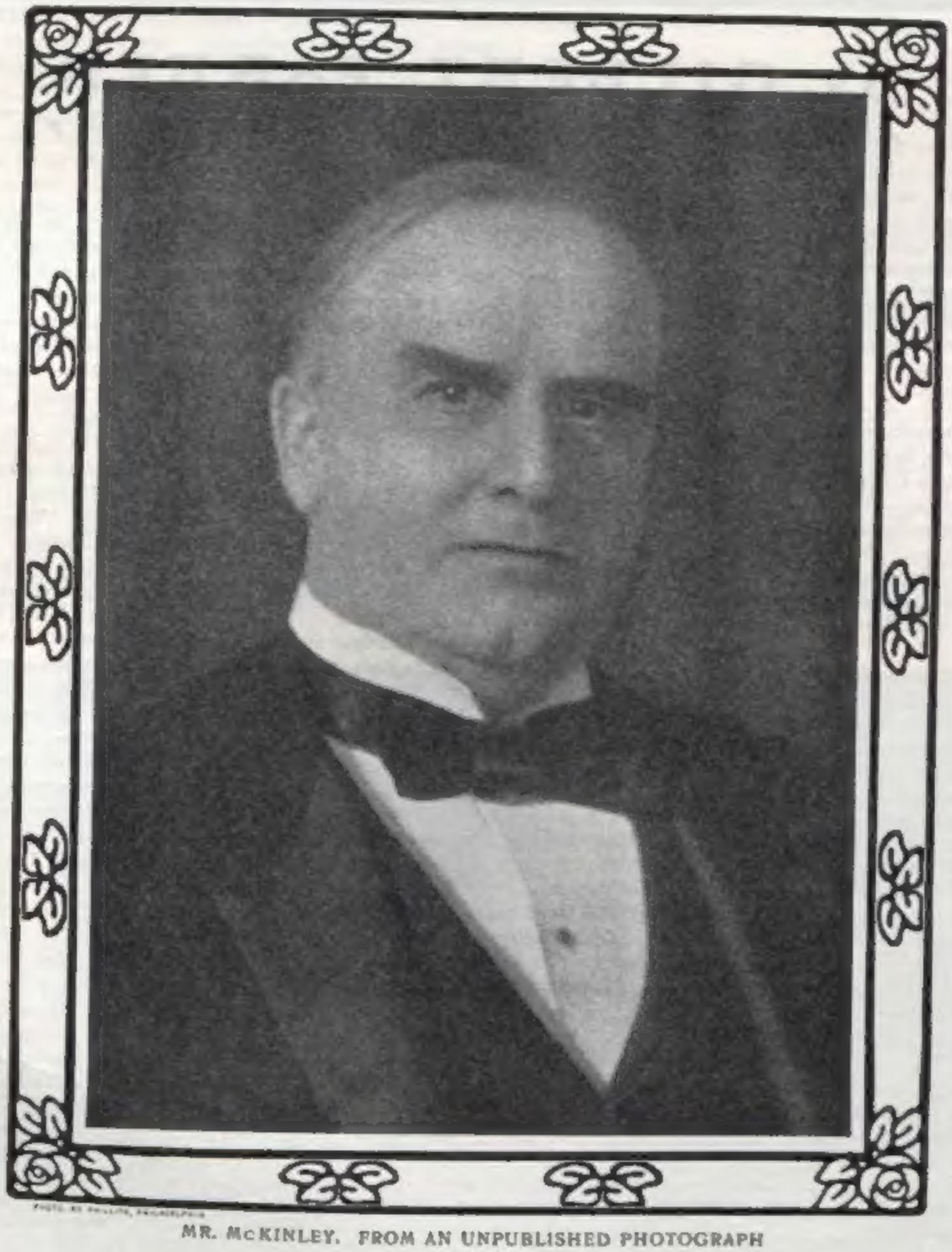
The first is that it shows how deeply earnest the President was for a peaceful solution and how far he had worked out plans to that end. In determining to send a special envoy to support and reënforce the regularly accredited representative with the freshest embodiment of the President's aim and argument, he demonstrated that he was unwilling to miss any opportunity of promoting the cause he had so much at heart. This plan he did not proclaim. It would have become known only when it had actually been undertaken. He had thought out his whole scheme, and, while it involved a little time, it was entirely harmonious with the American sentiment for the freedom of Cuba. If Congress and the country had not been in such a fever, if the question had been left in his hands, it is probable that peace and liberated Cuba would have been the twin fruits of his policy. Perhaps it is better as it is. There was a destiny awaiting us deeper than any prevision.

The second reason for mentioning the incident is that it illustrates President McKinley's methods. He did not disclose his immediate purpose at first. Before showing his hand he unfolded the length and breadth of the plan that lay behind. He meant that its full scope should be grasped before any answer was asked or expected, and he had the further thought that the service requested should present itself so clearly in the form of duty that it could not be declined except for imperative reasons.

Mr. McKinley's Rare Skill in Large Affairs

In this art of persuasion he was unequaled. Much of it lay in his own deep sincerity and conviction. He convinced others because he was thoroughly convinced himself. But beyond this substantive foundation he had an extraordinary gift of putting things. His quick perception and his shrewd, saving sense enabled him to present a case in the strongest form and turn every point to his own account.

His power in this direction was proverbial among all about him. He at one time called a business man to Washington to secure his consent to a step which involved a personal sacrifice and which was repugnant to him. After one or two interviews he succeeded, as usual. The shrewd old barber at a neighboring hotel—one of that class who instinctively know all that is going on—saw that the business man had yielded. "The President, he out-talk you," was his comment. "Yes, alas!" admitted the visitor. "The President, he out-talk any man," continued the interlocutor, and it told the whole story.



MR. McKINLEY. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH

How the President Dominated Congress

The mastery of his political genius was beyond dispute. He was equally astute in seeing and measuring popular currents and in maturing and forecasting the results of measures and policies. Never in our history was there a finer piece of political dexterity than the skill with which he brought Congress to take the responsibility of determining the disposition of Cuba and secured the concurrence of both parties in the settlement through the Platt amendment. The situation was delicate; the necessity of action was imperative; the initiative in one form or another was with the Executive, and yet there was no course open to the Executive alone which would not involve sure trouble and certain criticism. What, then, was to be done?

Cuba was approaching the time when she must be launched on her career as an independent nation. Her convention was framing a Constitution which should be its chart. As soon as that Constitution was completed and adopted steps must be taken for the election and erection of a government under it, and for the withdrawal of the United States forces and authority. The President could not well delay action when Cuba had fulfilled the prescribed requirements, and he could not impose additional conditions. As the matter stood either one of the two alternatives before him involved danger. If he declined to let Cuba set up her independent government he would be exposed to the charge of bad faith. If he let Cuba go without further safeguards he would be accused of rashly running the risk of future complications.

The short session of 1901 was advancing toward its end and Congress was doing nothing on the subject. It saw Cuba finishing her Constitution and coming to the hour when the guardianship of the United States would end, and it was entirely passive. The responsibility belonged to Congress, not only because Congress represents the sovereign will of the nation but because in making the issue with Spain in 1898 it assumed to define what the relations of the United States and Cuba should be. It declared that "the United States disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof." What constitutes pacification? Was it a continuing state? Were safeguards necessary? Congress was silent; the hour of decision was near at hand; and the President determined that Congress must take its share of responsibility.

Accordingly he gave out that if Congress closed the regular session without action on this question he would immediately call it together in extra session for that purpose. The announcement was effective. Congress at once came to a realizing sense of its obligation. The members didn't want an extra session, and they proceeded immediately to the steps necessary to avoid it. But the President did not rest there. Having by his strategic move forced Congress to action, he quietly exercised his influence in shaping its course. He was a real leader, and, while deferring to Congress and resolved that it must relieve him from the necessity of any arbitrary action, he kept the guidance of the policy in his own hands, and impressed himself on the legislative branch. He conferred with the wisest men in the Senate and together they moulded the decisive legislation.

The result was the Platt amendment to the Army bill. It solved the problem. The President was anxious to set up an independent Cuban government and withdraw the flag of the United States. He felt that the good faith and honor of the nation were pledged to it. But he saw at the same time that the complete relinquishment of United States control, with no conditions and no checks upon an impulsive and mercurial people just starting out on a national career, would plant the seeds of future trouble which might compel a second intervention.

The Platt amendment bridged the difficulty. It passed both Houses without opposition. Had anybody said in advance that on a great issue as delicate and vital as that of the status of Cuba it would be possible to carry a determining measure through both Houses of Congress, with the agreement of both parties, without objection and without debate, he would have been regarded as visionary. In its conception and in its execution it was one of the most adroit and skillful pieces of administrative management in the annals of our nation.

If this was one of the most notable of President McKinley's achievements in the field of political generalship, it was only a type of many. His successful leadership was founded not only on his unrivaled talent for controlling men but upon his intuitive and almost unerring perception of results. He had that kind of imagination which enabled him to foresee and picture the influence and effect of a course of action before it was undertaken. It was this prescience and wisdom, united with his moral qualities, that gave him such undisputed ascendency and led his countrymen to trust him with such unwavering confidence.

A TYRANT AND A LADY

DICKY WAS COMING WITH AN EGYPTIAN OFFICER AND A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of The Right of Way

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT—Kingsley Bey, an Englishman and a friend of Donovan Pasha, also an Englishman, and of immense influence, has established a mining town in the heart of Egypt, and by the employment of slaves, whom he treats humanely, has become enormously rich. Lady May Haley, a young Englishwoman, is living in Egypt and devoting her life to uprooting slavery. She sends a letter to Kingsley Bey, keenly arguing against his owning slaves, and he promptly sends her six of them and bids her set them free. Kingsley then goes to Donovan Pasha and announces his intention of marrying Lady May. Donovan thinks the two are entire strangers. Kingsley and Donovan go to call on Lady May, and, to the surprise of the Pasha, Lady May recognizes Kingsley as a friend of her girlhood, Lord Selden. She does not know that he is Kingsley Bey, whom she hates as a slave-owner.

PART II

THAT high green terrace of Cumberland, the mist on Skaw Fell, the sun out over the sea—they were in her eyes. So much water had gone under the bridges since!

"I was such a young girl then—in short frocks—it was a long time ago, I fear," she added, as if in continuation of the thought flashing through her mind. "Let me see," she went on fearlessly; "I am thirty; that was thirteen years ago."

"I am thirty-seven, and still it is thirteen years ago."

"You look older when you don't smile," she added, and glanced at his gray hair.

He laughed now. She was far, far franker than she was those many years ago, and it was very agreeable and refreshing. "Donovan, there, reproved me last night for frivolity," he said.

"If Donovan Pasha has become grave then there is hope for Egypt," she said, turning to Dicky with a new brightness.

"When there's hope for Egypt I'll have lost my situation, and there'll be reason for drawing a long face," said Dicky, and got the two at such an angle that he could watch them to advantage. "I thrive while it's *opéra bouffe*. Give us the legitimate drama, and I go with Ismail."

The lady shrank a little. "If it weren't you, Donovan Pasha, I should say that, associated with Ismail as you are, you are as criminal as he."

"What is crime in one country is virtue in another," answered Dicky. "I clamp the wheel sometimes to keep it from spinning too fast. That's my only duty. I am neither Don Quixote nor Alexander Imperator."

She thought he was referring obliquely to the *corvée* and the other thing in which her life-work was involved. She became severe. "It is compromising with evil," she said.

"No. It's getting a breakfast roll instead of the whole bakery," he answered.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed, turning to Kingsley.

"I think there's one man in Egypt who keeps the boiler from bursting," he answered.

"Oh, don't think I undervalue His Excellency," she said with a little laugh. "It is because he is strong, because he matters so much, that one feels he could do more. Ismail thinks there is no one like him in the world."

"Except Gordon," interrupted Kingsley.

"Except Gordon, of course; only Gordon isn't in Egypt. And he would do no good in Egypt. The officials would block his way. It is only in the Soudan that he could have a free hand, be of real use. There, a man, a real man, like Gordon, could show the world how civilization can be accepted by desert races, despite a crude and cruel religion and low standards of morality."

"All races have their social codes—what they call civilization," rejoined Kingsley. "It takes a long time to get custom out of the blood, especially when it is part of the religion. I'm afraid that expediency isn't the motto of those who try to civilize the Orient and the East."

"I believe in struggling openly for principle," she observed a little acidly.

"Have you succeeded?" he asked, trying to keep his gravity. "How about your own household, for instance? Have you Christianized and civilized your people—your niggers, and the others?"

She flushed indignantly, but held herself in control. She rang a bell. "I have no 'niggers,'" she answered quietly. "I have some Berberine servants, two fellah boatmen, an Egyptian gardener, an Arab cook, and a Circassian maid. They are, I think, devoted to me."

A Berberine servant appeared. "Tea, Mohammed," she said. "And tell Madame that Donovan Pasha is here—my cousin admires His Excellency so much," she added to Kingsley, laughing. "I have never had any real trouble with them," she continued with a little gesture of pride toward the disappearing Berberine.

"There was the Armenian," put in Dicky slyly; "and the Copt sarraf. They were no credit to their Christian religion, were they?"

"That was not the fault of the religion, but of the generations of oppression—they lie as a child lies, to escape consequences. Had they not been oppressed they would have been good Christians in practice as in precept."

"They don't steal as a child steals," laughed Dicky. "Armenians are Oriental through and through. They no more understand the Christian religion than the Soudanese understand freedom."

He touched the right note this time. Kingsley flashed a half-startled, half-humorous look at him; the face of the lady became set, her manner delicately frigid. She was about to make a quiet, severe reply, but something overcame her, and her eyes, her face, suddenly glowed. She leaned forward, her hands clasped tightly on her knees—Kingsley could not but note how beautiful and brown they were, capable, confident hands—and, in a voice thrilling with feeling, said:

"What is there in the life here that gets into the eyes of Europeans and blinds them? The United States spent scores of thousands of lives to free the African slave. England paid millions, and sacrificed ministries and men, to free the slave; and in England, you—you, Donovan Pasha, and men like you—would be in the van against slavery. Yet here, where England has more influence than any other nation——"

"More power, not influence," Dicky interrupted, smiling.

"Here, you endure, you encourage, you approve of it. Here, an Englishman rules a city of slaves in the desert and grows rich out of their labor. What can we say to the rest of the world, while out there in the desert"—her eyes swept over the gray and violet hills—"that man, Kingsley Bey, sets at defiance his race, his country, civilization, all those things in which he was educated? Egypt will not believe in English civilization, Europe will not believe in her humanity and honesty, so long as he pursues his wicked course."

She turned with a gesture of impatience, and in silence began to pour the tea the servant had brought, with a message that Madame had a headache. Kingsley Bey was about to speak—it was so unfair to listen, and she would forgive this no more readily than she would forgive slavery. Dicky intervened, however.

"He isn't so black as he's painted, personally. He's a rash, inflammable sort of fellow who has a way with the native—treats him well, too, I believe. Very flamboyant, doomed to failure, so far as his merit is concerned, but with an incredible luck. He gambled, and he lost a dozen times; and then gambled again, and won. That's the truth, I fancy. No real stuff in him whatever."

Their hostess put down her teacup and looked at Dicky in blank surprise. Not a muscle in his face moved. She looked at Kingsley. He had difficulty in restraining himself, but by stooping to give her fox-terrier a piece of cake he was able to conceal his consternation.

"I cannot—cannot believe it," she said slowly. "The British Consul does not speak of him like that."

"He is a cousin of the Consul," urged Dicky.

"Cousin! What cousin? I never heard—he never told me that."

"Oh, nobody tells anything in Egypt unless he's kourbashed or thumb-screwed. It's safer to tell nothing, you know."

"Cousin! I didn't know there were Kingsleys in that family. What reason could the Consul have for hiding the relationship?"

"Oh, I don't know; you must ask Kingsley. Flamboyant and garrulous as he is, he probably won't tell you that."

"If I saw Kingsley Bey I should ask him questions which interest me more. I should prefer, however, to ask them through a lawyer—to him in the prisoner's dock."

"You dislike him intensely?"

"I detest him for what he has done; but I do not despise him as you suggest I should. Flamboyant, garrulous—I don't believe that! I think him, feel him, to be a hard man, a strong man, and a bad man—if not wholly bad."

"Yet you would put him in the prisoner's dock," interposed Kingsley musingly, and wondering how he was to tell her that Lord Selden and Kingsley Bey were one and the same person.

"Certainly. A man who commits public wrongs should be punished. Yet I am sorry that a man so capable should be so inhuman."

"Ah, your grandfather was inhuman," put in Kingsley. "He owned great West Indian properties."

"He was culpable, and should have been punished—and was; for we are all poor at last. The world has higher, better standards now, and we should live up to them. Kingsley Bey should live up to them."

"I suppose we might be able to punish him yet," said Dicky meditatively. "If Ismail turned rusty, we could soon settle him, I fancy. Certainly, you present a strong case." He peered innocently into the distance.

"But could it be done?—but would you?" she asked, suddenly leaning forward. "If you would, you could—you could!"

"If I did it at all, if I could make up my mind to it, it should be done thoroughly—no half measures."

"What would be the whole measures?" she asked eagerly, but with a certain faint shrinking, for Dicky seemed cold-blooded.

"Of course, you never could tell what would happen when Ismail throws the slipper. This isn't a country where things are cut and dried and done according to Hoyle. You get a new combination every time you pull a string. Where there's no system and a thousand methods you have to run risks. Kingsley Bey might get mangled in the machinery."

She shrank a little. "It is all barbarous."

"Oh, I don't know. He is guilty, isn't he? You said you would like to see him in the prisoner's dock. You would probably convict him of killing as well as slavery. You would torture him with prison, and then hang him in the end. Ismail would probably get into a rage—pretended, of course—and send an army against him. Kingsley would make a fight for it, and lose his head—all in the interest of a sudden

Editor's Note—This four-part story began in The Saturday Evening Post of last week and will be continued in next week's number.

sense of duty on the part of the Khedive. All Europe would applaud—all save England, and what could she do? Can she defend slavery? There'll be no kid-gloved justice meted out to Kingsley by the Khedive if he starts a campaign against him. He will have to take it on the devil's pitchfork. You must be logical, you know. You can't have it both ways. If he is to be punished, it must be after the custom of the place. This isn't England."

She shuddered slightly, and Dicky went on: "Then, when his head's off, and his desert city and his mines are no more, and his slaves change masters, comes a nice question. Who gets his money? Not that there's any doubt about who'll get it, but, from your standpoint, who should get it?"

She shook her head in something like embarrassment.

"Money got by slavery—yes, who should get it?" interposed Kingsley carefully, for her eyes had turned to him for help. "Would you favor his heirs getting it? Should it go to the State? Should it go to the slaves? Should it go to a fund for agitation against slavery? . . . You, for instance, could make use of a fortune like his in a cause like that, could you not?" he asked with what seemed boyish simplicity.

The question startled her. "I—I don't know. . . . Oh, certainly not," she hastened to add; "I couldn't touch the money. It is absurd—impossible."

"I can't see that," steadily persisted Kingsley. "This money was made out of the work of slaves. Certainly they were paid—they were, weren't they?" he said with mock ignorance, turning to Dicky, who nodded assent. "They were paid wages by Kingsley—in kind, I suppose, but that's all that's needed in a country like the Soudan. But still they *had* to work, and their lives and bodies were Kingsley's for the time being, and the fortune wouldn't have been made without them; therefore, according to the most finely advanced theories of labor and ownership, the fortune is theirs as much as Kingsley's. But, in the nature of things, they couldn't have the fortune. What would they do with it? Wandering tribes don't need money. Barter and exchange of things in kind is the one form of finance in the Soudan. Besides, they'd cut each other's throats the very first day they got the fortune, and it would strew the desert sands. It's all illogical and impossible——"

"Oh, yes, I quite see that," she interposed.

"But you surely can see how the fortune could be applied to saving those races from slavery. What was wrung from the few by forced labor and loss of freedom could be returned to the many by a sort of national salvation. You could spend the fortune wisely—agents and missionaries everywhere: in the cafés, in the bazars, in the palace, at court. Judicious gifts, and at last would come a firman or decree putting down slavery on penalty of death. The fortune would all go, of course, but think of the good accomplished!"

"You mean that the fortune should be spent in buying the decree—in backsheesh?" she asked, bewildered, yet becoming indignant.

"Well, it's like company promoting," Dicky interposed, hugely enjoying the comedy, and thinking that Kingsley had put the case shrewdly. It was sure to confuse her. "You have to clear the way, as it were. The preliminaries cost a good deal, and those who put the machinery in working order have to be paid. Then there's always some important person who holds the key of the situation; his counsel has to be asked. Advice is very expensive."

"It is gross and wicked!" she flashed out.

"But if you got your way? If you suppressed Kingsley Bey, rid the world of him—oh, well, say banished him," he quickly added, as he saw her fingers tremble—"and get your decree, wouldn't it be worth while? Fire is fought with fire, and you would be using all possible means to do what you esteem a great good. Think of it—slavery abolished, your work accomplished, Kingsley Bey blotted out!"

Light and darkness were in her face at once. Her eyes were bright, her brows became knitted, her foot tapped the floor. Of course it was all make-believe, this possibility, but it seemed too wonderful to think of—slavery abolished, and through her; and Kingsley Bey, the renegade Englishman, blotted out.

"Your argument is not sound in many ways," she said at last, trying to feel her course. "We must be just before all. The whole of the fortune was not earned by slaves. Kingsley Bey's ability and power were the original cause of its existence. Without him there would have been no fortune. Therefore, it would not be justice to give it, even indirectly, to the slaves for their cause."

"It would be penalty, Kingsley Bey's punishment," said Dicky slyly.

"Oh, I thought he was to be blotted out," she said ironically, yet brightening, for it seemed to her that she was proving herself statesmanlike, and justifying her woman's feelings as well.

"When he is blotted out his fortune should go where it can remedy the evil of his life."

"He may have been working for some good cause," quietly put in Kingsley. "Should not that cause get the advantage of his 'ability and power,' as you have called it, even though he was mistaken, or perverted, or cruel? Shouldn't an average be struck between the wrong his 'ability and power' did and the right that same 'ability and power' was intended to advance?"

She turned with admiration to Kingsley. "How well you argue—I remember you did years ago. I hate slavery and despise and hate slave-dealers and slave-keepers, but I would be just, too, even to Kingsley Bey. But what cause, save his own comfort and fortune, would he be likely to serve? Do you know him?" she added eagerly.

"Since I can remember," answered Kingsley, looking through the field-glasses at a steamer coming up the river.

"Would you have thought that he would turn out as he has?" she asked simply. "You see, he appears to me so dark and baleful a figure that I cannot quite regard him as I regard you, for instance. I could not realize knowing such a man."

"He had always a lot of audacity," Kingsley replied slowly, "and he certainly was a schemer in his way, but that came from his helpless poverty."

"Was he very poor?" she asked eagerly.

"Always. And he got his estates heavily encumbered. Then there were people—old ladies—to have annuities, and many to be provided for, and there was little chance in England for him. Good temper and brawn weren't enough."

"Egypt's the place for mother-wit," broke in Dicky. "He had that, anyhow. As to his unscrupulousness, of course that's as you may look at it."

"Was he always unscrupulous?" she asked. "I have thought him cruel and wicked nationally—un-English, shamefully culpable; but a man who is unscrupulous would do mean, low things, and I should like to think that Kingsley is a villain with good points. I believe he has them, and I believe that deep down in him is something English and honorable, after all—something to be reckoned with, worked on, developed. See, here is a letter I had from him two days ago"—she drew it from her pocket and handed it over to Dicky. "I cannot think him hopeless altogether. I freed the slaves who brought the letter, and sent them on to Cairo. Do you not feel it is hopeful?" she urged, as Dicky read the letter slowly, making *sotto voce* remarks meanwhile.

"Brigands and tryants can be gallant—there are plenty of instances on record. What are six slaves to him!"

THERE WAS NO MORE SATIRICAL LAUGHTER IN HIS EYES

"He has a thousand to your one," said Kingsley slowly, and as if not realizing his words.

She started, sat up straight in her chair, and looked at him indignantly. "I have no slaves," she said.

Kingsley had been watching the Circassian girl Mata in the garden for some time, and he had not been able to resist the temptation to make the suggestion that roused her now.

"I think the letter rather high-flown," said Dicky, turning the point, and handing the open page to Kingsley. "It looks to me as though written with a purpose."

"What a cryptic remark!" said Kingsley laughing, yet a little chagrined. "What you probably wish to convey is that it says one thing and means another."

"Suppose it does," interposed the lady. "The fact remains that he answered my appeal, which did not mince words, in most diplomatic and gentlemanly language. What do you think of the letter?" she said, turning to Kingsley, and reaching a hand for it.

"I'll guarantee our friend here could do no better if he sat up all night," put in Dicky satirically.

"You are safe in saying so, the opportunity being lacking." She laughed, and folded it up.

"I believe Kingsley Bey means what he says in that letter. Whatever his purpose, I honestly think that you might have great influence over him," mused Dicky, and, getting up, he stepped from the veranda, as though to go to the bank where an incoming steamer they had been watching was casting anchor. He turned presently, however, came back a step and said:

"You see, all our argument resolves itself into this: If Kingsley is to be smashed only Ismail can do it. If Ismail does it, Kingsley will have the desert for a bed, for he'll not run, and Ismail daren't spare him. Sequel, all his fortune will go to the Khedive. Question, what are we going to do about it?"

So saying he left them, laughing, and went down the garden-path to the riverside. The two on the veranda sat silent for a moment, then Kingsley spoke:

"These weren't the things we talked about when we saw the clouds gather over Skaw Fell and the sunshine on the Irish Sea. We've done and seen much since then. Multitudes have come and gone in the world—and I have grown gray!" he added with a laugh.

"I've done little—nothing, and I meant and hoped to do much," she almost pleaded. "I've grown gray, too."

"Not one gray hair," he said with an admiring look.

"Gray in spirit sometimes," she reflected with a tired air. "But you—forgive me if I haven't known what you've done. I've lived out of England so long. You may be at the head of the Government, for all I know. You look to me as though you'd been a success. Don't smile. I mean it. You look as though you'd climbed. You haven't the air of an eldest son whose way is cut out for him, with fifty thousand a year for compensation. What have you been doing? What has been your work in life?"

"The opposite of yours."

He felt himself a ruffian, but he consoled himself with the thought that the end at which he aimed was good. It seemed ungenerous to meet her simple honesty by such obvious repartee, but he held on to see where the trail would lead.

"That doesn't seem very clear," she said in answer. "Since I came out here I've been a sort of riverine missionary, an apostle with no followers, a reformer with a plan of salvation no one will accept."

"We are not stronger than tradition, than the long custom of ages bred in the bone and practiced by the flesh. You cannot change a people by firmans; you must educate them. Meanwhile, things go on pretty much the same. You are a generation before your time. It is a pity, for you have saddened your youth, and you may never live to see accomplished what you have toiled for."

"Oh, as to that—as to that——" She smoothed back her hair lightly, and her eyes wandered over the distant hills—mauve and saffron and opal, and tender with the mist of evening. "What does it matter!" she added. "There are a hundred ways to live, a hundred things to which one might devote one's life. And as the years went on we'd realize how every form of success is offset by something undone in another direction, something which would have given us joy and memory and content—so it seems. But—but we can only really work out one dream, and it is the working out—a little or a great distance—which satisfies. I have no sympathy with those who, living out their dreams, turn regretfully to another course or another aim, and wonder—wonder if a mistake hasn't been made. Nothing is a mistake which comes of a good aim, of the desire for wrongs righted, the crooked places made straight. Nothing matters so that the dream was a good one and the heart approves."

She spoke as though herself in a dream, her look intent on the glowing distance, as though unconscious of his presence.

"It's good to have lived among mountains and climbed them when you were young. It gives you bigger ideas of things. You could see a long way, with the sun behind you, from Skaw Fell."

He spoke in a low voice, and her eyes drew back from the distance and turned on him. She smiled.

"I don't know. I suppose it gives one proportion, though I've been told by Donovan Pasha and the Consul that I have

no sense of proportion. What difference does it make? It is the *métier* of some people of this world to tell the truth, letting it fall as it will, and offend where it will, to be in a little unjust maybe, measure wrongly here and there, lest the day pass and nothing be done. It is for the world to correct, to adjust, to organize, to regulate the working of the truth. One person cannot do all."

Every minute made him more and more regretful, while it deepened his feelings for her. He saw how far removed was her mind from the sordid views of things, and how sincere a philosophy governed her actions and her mission.

He was about to speak, but she continued: "I suppose I've done unwise things from a worldly, a diplomatic and a political point of view. I've—I've broken my heart on the rock of the impossible, so my father says. . . . But, no, I haven't broken my heart. I have only given it a little too much hope sometimes, too much disappointment at others. In any case—can one be pardoned for quoting poetry in these days? I don't know, I've been so long out of the world:

'Broken hearts, when all is ended,
Bear the better all after-stings;
Bruised once, the citadel mended
Standeth through all things.'

I'm not—not hopeless, though. I've had a long, hard fight here in Egypt; and I've done so little." . . . She kept smoothing out the letter she had had from Kingsley Bey, as though unconsciously. "But it is coming, the better day. I know it. Some one will come who will do all that I have pleaded for—stop the *corvée* and give the peasants a chance; stop slavery and purify the harem, and start the social life on a higher basis; remove a disgrace from the commerce of an afflicted land; remove—remove once for all such men as Kingsley Bey; make it impossible for fortunes to be made out of human flesh and blood." She had the rapt look of the dreamer. Suddenly she recovered her more worldly mood: "What are you doing here?" she added. "Have you come to take up official life? Have you some public position—of responsibility? Oh, perhaps"—she laughed almost merrily—"you are the very man; the great reformer. Perhaps you think and feel as I do, though you've argued against me. Perhaps you only wanted to see how real my devotion to this cause is. Tell me, are you only a tourist—I was going to say idler, but I know you are not; you have the face of a man who does things—are you tourist or worker here? What does Egypt *mean* to you? That sounds rather nonconformist, but Egypt, to me, is the saddest, most beautiful, most mysterious place in the world. All other nations, all other races, every person in the world should be interested in Egypt. Egypt is the lost child of Creation—the dear, pitiful waif of genius and mystery of the world. She has kept the calendar of the ages—has outlasted all other nations, and remains the same as they change and pass. She has been the watcher of the world, the one who looks on, and suffers, as the rest of the nations struggle for and wound her in their turn. What does Egypt mean to you? What would you do for her?"

There was no more satirical laughter in his eyes. He was deeply in earnest, disturbed, even excited.

"Egypt means everything in the world to me. I would do what I could for her."

"What has she done for you?"

"She has brought me to you again—to make me know that what you were by Skaw Fell, all those years ago, you are now, and a thousand times more!"

She parried the dangerous meaning in his voice, refused to see the tenderness in his manner.

"I'm very sorry to hear that," she added in a tone vainly trying to be unconcerned. "It is a pity that our youth pursues us in forms so little desirable. . . . Who are they?" she added quickly, nodding toward the shore, from which Dicky was coming with an Egyptian officer and a squad of soldiers.

"H'm," he responded, laughing, "it looks like a matter of consequence. A pasha, I should think, to travel with an escort like that."

"They're coming here," she added, and, calling to her servant, ordered coffee.

Suddenly Kingsley got to his feet with a cry of consternation; but sat down again, smiling, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"What is it?" she asked with something like anxiety, for she had seen the fleeting suspicion in his look.

"I don't know," he answered lightly, and as though the suspicion had gone.

He watched Dicky and his companions closely, however, though he chatted unconcernedly while they stood in apparent debate, and presently came on. Dicky was whistling softly, but with an air of perplexity, and he walked with a precision of step which told Kingsley of difficulty ahead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE ADMIRABLE TINKER

By Edgar Jepson

TINKER'S BIRTHDAY BLOODHOUND

"I'M AFRAID there's no birthday present for you, Tinker," said Sir Tancred Beauleigh with a sigh.

"That's all right, sir," said Hildebrand Anne cheerfully. His father smiled at him, a charming smile, and the more charming that it illumined a stern face. Father and son made an admirable pair, a pair of an extraordinary distinction: Sir Tancred tall, dark, black-haired, clean-shaven, thin-lipped, with dark brown eyes, which he kept for the most part dreamy to match his languid manner, but which in the moment of action shone with a bright enough fire; Hildebrand Anne very fair, golden-haired, with features as finely cut as those of his father, sunny blue eyes, lips curved like Cupid's bow, and the air of a seraph. He had gained the name of Tinker on his fourth birthday when, during one of the biennial eclipses of Sir Tancred's fortunes, he had been reduced to playing with a spoutless kettle, a crooked gridiron and three tins which had contained the peaches of California—poor toys, but a joy to him. Out of them he had been getting as much noise as many a robust boy of twelve could have done; and after two hours' unceasing but excruciating clangor, which had at moments worsted even his great power of concentration on a plan of campaign, his father had dubbed him Tinker. The name clung to him from its perfect inappropriateness. A tinker is but a gritty sight and Hildebrand Anne grew up, to the eye, an angel child, of a cleanliness uncanny in a small boy.

"Even if there were anything to buy in Farndon-Pryze, our fortunes are at a low ebb," said Sir Tancred with faint sorrow.

Tinker heaved a sympathetic sigh, and said again, "Oh, that's all right, sir. We shall have lots of money soon; we always do." And he strolled away, pondering idly the question of riches.

From the end of the garden of "The Refuge," as Sir Tancred had happily named the cottage at Farndon-Pryze, whither he retired when he was at loggerheads with fortune, Tinker scanned the country round with dissatisfied eyes. None of the low hills was hollowed by a pirates' or brigands' or even a smugglers' cave with its buried hoard; no ruin tottered above a secret treasure-chamber. For himself he did not mind; it was all one to him whether the breathless Selina panted after him down the Champs Élysées or the long, straggling street of Farndon-Pryze. There were men in both places; and though the methods of enraging them were different they grew crimson to much the same fieriness. He found indeed an angry Frenchman more entertaining than an angry Englishman, but he was no epicure in sensations. He wished to find treasure for his father who, as he well knew, did not find in Farndon-Pryze the amusement which gratified his own simpler, boyish tastes.

As he scanned the unsatisfactory landscape he heard the sound of hoofs, and looking around saw James Alloway, a young farmer of the neighborhood, riding along the highway. His face brightened; the coast was clear; it was the very morning to play toreador. In a breath he was through the hedge and on the way to the village. He approached it after the manner of a Red Indian, only pausing to cut a switch from a hedge. He had a score to settle with Josiah Wilby, a boy whose talebearing had procured him his last well-earned whacking. Fortune favored him: he spied his prey playing in careless security with two other boys on the village green; crept between two cottages, and was out on him or ever he was aware of the coming of an avenger. At the sight of Tinker, Josiah bolted for home; but he had not gone twenty yards before the stinging switch was curling round him. He ran the harder, howling and roaring; and Tinker accompanied him to the door of his father's cottage. As the roaring Josiah rushed in, the infuriated Mrs. Wilby rushed out, and Tinker withdrew. From a convenient distance he raised his hat, and protested his regret at having had to instruct her son in the first principles of honor. He had always been taught to be very polite to women. With a rustic disregard of his pretty manners, Mrs. Wilby called him a limb, and threatened him with merciless punishment on the return of her husband. Tinker shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands—gestures he had acquired in France—and hurried off on his main errand.

He came swiftly to a small field in which there browsed a large and solitary ram, by name Billy, Tinker's playfellow in the game of bull-fighting. With a somewhat unfair casting of the star part, Tinker always played the matador, Billy played the bull.

Drawing a stout wooden sword, the handiwork of Sir Tancred who never dreamed of the purpose it served, from its hiding-place in the hedge, Tinker slipped over the gate. Billy greeted his playfellow with an ill-conditioned grunt expressive of no joy at all. Tinker saluted, walked up to within ten yards and waved his hat at him. Billy watched him with a wicked eye, affected to graze, and of a sudden charged with all his speed. Tinker sprang aside as the ram's head went down to butt, and as he hurtled past prodded him with the sword behind the shoulder.

Billy pulled himself up as soon as he could check his momentum, and turned and stood blinking. Twice he rapped the ground hard with his forefoot. Tinker again drew to within ten yards of him; again Billy charged; and again he was prodded behind the shoulder. It was a beautiful game, and Tinker's lightness of foot, quickness of eye and coolness of head did every credit to the education he had received from his father. It was not perhaps a sound education; the classical, commercial, historical and geographical sides of it had been entirely neglected; but the fencing, boxing, riding and gymnastics, the fact that Tinker, though he lacked the lumps of muscle which disfigured that eminent ancient, was a Hercules in little, stood him in good stead in the game of bull-fighting.

It was indeed a fine game, but as dangerous as it was fine. If Billy had once downed the boy he never would have left him till he had ground the life out of him. This Tinker did not know, so that he did not draw all the excitement out of the game he would have done. It had grown more and more dangerous also; for, by dint of playing it, Billy, who had started as a fat, clumsy and sulky beast, had grown thin, nimble and vicious. Alloway indeed often declared that he did not know what ailed the ram: his food never seemed to be doing him any good, and neither man, woman nor child dare cross the field in which he browsed.

The game lasted some twenty minutes; and Tinker's skill, sureness and lightness of movement was the prettiest sight. Sometimes with a snorting bleat Billy would turn sharply at the end of his charge and charge again; then the concentration on the matter in hand, which his father had so carefully cultivated in Tinker, proved a most fortunate possession; he was never caught off his guard. But he was beginning to think that he had had enough of it, and Billy was sure that he had, when there came a roar from the road, and there sat Alloway on his horse; or rather he was no longer sitting on his horse—he was throwing himself off it.

Without one word of thanks to his playfellow for the pleasant game he had enjoyed with him, Tinker bolted for the farther hedge, Billy after him, and Alloway after both. Tinker knew the ground, ran for a post and rails which filled a gap, and skipped over them a few yards ahead of his energetic

Editor's Note—This is the first of four stories, each complete in itself, of the adventures of The Admirable Tinker. The second will appear in an early number.

playfellow who stood gazing after him with a rueful vindictiveness. Alloway came rushing up, took no heed of the disappointed ram, who butted his right leg against the rails with great promptitude and violence. Alloway emulated his violence, not only in his language but by cutting him as hard as he could with the whip he carried, and rushed after Tinker. Tinker could run at an admirable pace for a boy of ten, and he was used to keeping it up longer than the rustic wind would last. But Alloway was brisker than a farm hand or a keeper, and at the end of a couple of fields he began to gain. Tinker was soon aware of the painful fact, and knew that retribution was on him. But though he could not escape he could postpone; and his quick mind leaped to the fact that the more done Alloway was the less vigorously would he ply his whip—besides, there was a chance that he might suddenly collapse.

At the entrance to the village there was a bare fifty yards between them. As they came up to the smithy, Blazer, the blacksmith's dog, the terror of the villagers, began to bark; and Tinker's saving idea came to him. He ran into the yard and walked quietly up to Blazer, who barked and strained at his chain with every advertisement of savage fury. Tinker knew a good deal about dogs; he came quietly up to him and tried to pat his head. Blazer caught at the hand, and Tinker left it passive in his teeth. Blazer's teeth bruised the skin but did not pierce; and suddenly he realized that he did not know what to do with it. With a sheepish air he let it go and resumed his barking. Tinker stepped right up to his kennel, and the barking Blazer danced about him in an agony of indecision. Alloway rushed into the yard, and crying "I've got you, you young devil! Have I?" made for Tinker. Blazer saw a happy way out of his awkward uncertainty, and bit Alloway's leg.

Alloway jumped back with a roar, and, lashing at Blazer, hopped about.

The blacksmith ran out of the smithy and took in the situation at a glance.

"Take away your dog, Green! Take him away!" shouted Alloway. "I'm going to warm this young gentleman's jacket! He's been worriting my ram!"

Alloway was a good customer, but Tinker was a familiar friend; and the astute blacksmith scratched his head at great length before he said slowly, "If so be as you've 'it Blaazer, you'll 'av ter tak' 'im away yoursel'. I dussn't go near 'im; no, not wuz it ever so."

"I'm going to larrup the young limb!" cried Alloway obstinately.

"You'll 'av to wait then till Blaazer gits quiet. I dussn't meddle with 'im; and I'm shoeing Mr. 'Utton's graay maare." And with a natural, untrained diplomacy the blacksmith retired quickly into the smithy.

For a minute or two Alloway cursed and Blazer barked. Then Tinker sat quietly down on the threshold of the kennel and fanned himself with his hat. The empurpled Alloway grew purpler at the sight of a coolness he did not share.

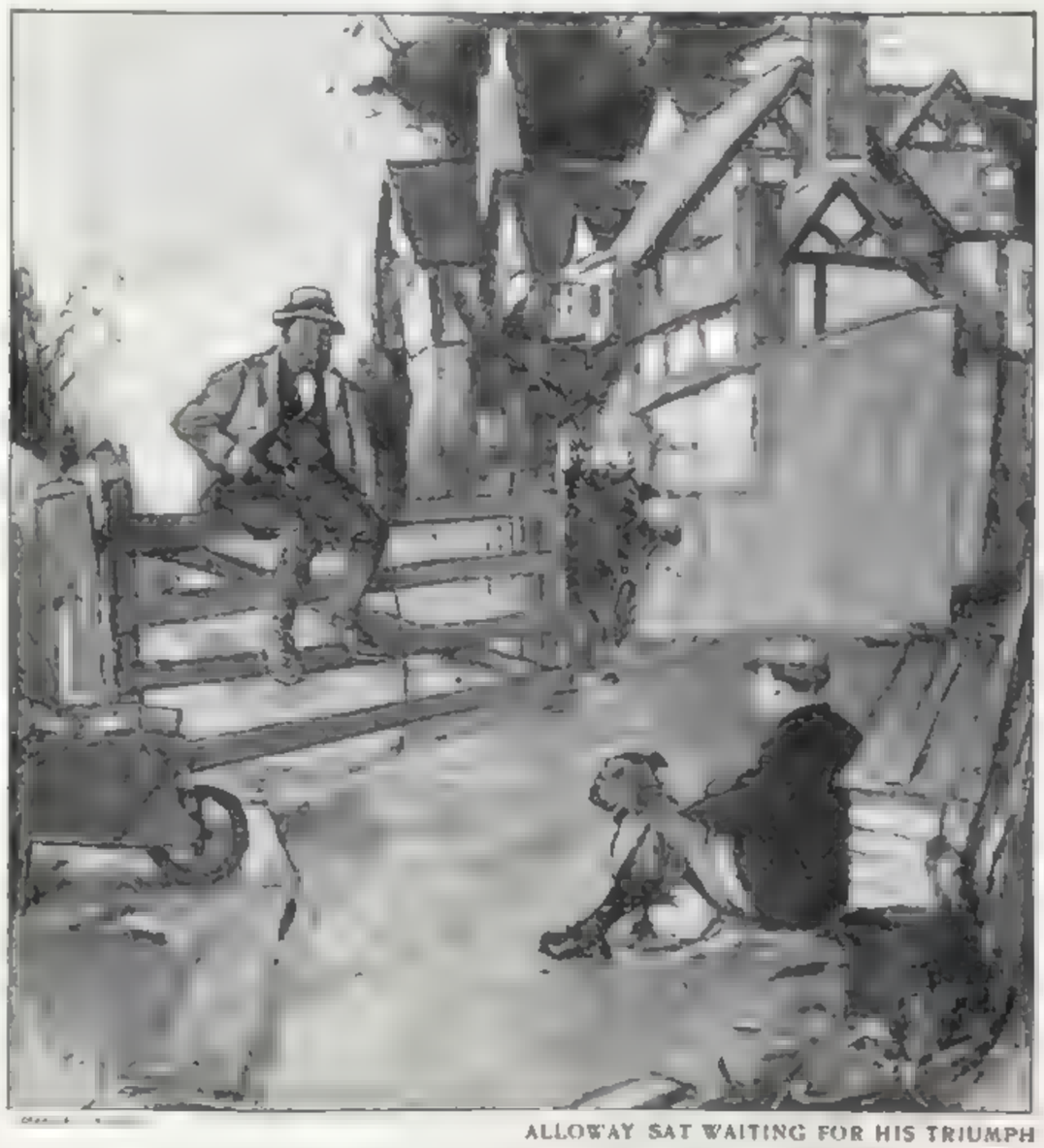
"You young rip!" he roared, dancing lightly in his exasperation, "I'll larrup you if I stay here till to-morrow morning!"

"If you're speaking to me, Mr. Alloway, you needn't speak so loud. I'm not deaf," said Tinker with gentle severity.

Mr. Alloway in his violent, rustic way uttered a good many remarks quite unfit for boyish ears.

Tinker paid no heed to him, but chirruped to Blazer, who came to him in a wondering sulkiness, and with many protesting growls suffered himself to be patted. Alloway put his hands in his pockets, and stood stolidly with his legs wide apart, a picture of florid manliness and grim but whiskered determination. Some small boys, heavy with their midday meal, came to the gate of the yard, and in an idle repletion exhausted themselves in conjectures as to the true inwardness of Tinker's relation with Blazer, and Alloway's absorption in it. Twice the blacksmith came to the smithy door and a large slow grin spread painfully over his bovine face.

Tinker continued to pet Blazer till the surprised and mollified dog sat down between his feet and put his head on his knee. Then Tinker began to apply that power of concentration in which he had been trained by his father to the discovery of a method of a final escape. Presently Alloway went to the gate, and climbing on it sat waiting for his triumph in a stubborn doggedness.



ALLOWAY SAT WAITING FOR HIS TRIUMPH IN A STUBBORN DOGGEDNESS

After a while Tinker said gently, "That's a good horse you ride, Mr. Alloway." The farmer said nothing.

"He's young, isn't he?" said Tinker.

An acute and scornful expression of "You don't get round me!" filled all of the farmer's face that was not covered with whiskers.

"Did you think to tie him up before you ran after me?" said Tinker earnestly.

Alloway sprang from the gate as though a very sharp nail had, of a sudden, sprouted up immediately beneath him, slapped his thigh, and stood shaking his whip at Tinker and foaming at the mouth.

"I dare say he's out of the county by now," said Tinker thoughtfully.

"You young blackguard!" said Alloway, and stepped toward the kennel. Blazer shot out to the length of his chain, and Alloway in his fury cut him savagely with his whip. Blazer roared rather than barked; the noise stimulated Tinker's wits, and he saw his way.

Alloway recovered himself sufficiently to say with choking emphasis, "Horse, or no horse, you don't get me to leave here!" And he went back to the gate.

Tinker let him climb on it, and he then said gently, "Have you ever played at being a runaway slave hunted by bloodhounds, Mr. Alloway?"

Alloway scowled at him malignantly.

"I should think it would be quite an exciting game. It doesn't really matter that Blazer's only a bull-terrier; we can call him a bloodhound, you know," Tinker went on, looking at the dog a little regretfully. Alloway, coddling his fury, scarcely heard him. "I'll be the slave-owner," said Tinker, fumbling with the chain.

It came out of the staple, and Alloway roared, "What are you doing, you young rascal?"

"Oh, it's all right," said Tinker. "Don't be frightened; I'll keep him on the leash till you get a good lead."

Alloway jumped down from the gate, on the other side of it, his anger changed to uncertainty spiced with discomfort. Blazer felt the chain loosen, and darted forward jerking Tinker after him.

"I can't hold him!" cried Tinker.

Alloway turned, dropped his whip, and bolted up through the village. Blazer dashed at the gate, clawing it; Tinker got a better grip on the chain, opened the gate, snatched up the whip as Blazer jerked him through, and they set off down the road after Alloway.

The farmer ran better than ever, faster than he had run after Tinker, faster probably than he had ever run before in his life. Blazer, though Tinker dragged for all he was worth, made a very fair pace after him. But by the time they were a hundred yards beyond the village the throttling drag began to tell; Blazer slowed down, and Alloway, still going hard, disappeared round the corner. Blazer and Tinker fell into a walk and then stopped.

Sir Tancred Beauleigh on his quiet way to the village post-office was surprised at being nearly knocked down by one of the most respectable young farmers of the neighborhood, who was running with the speed and face of a man pursued by all the tigers of Bengal. A hundred yards farther on he heard yells and screams and shouts of laughter; and coming round a corner he saw a small boy rolling in recurring paroxysms of joy on the grass by the roadside watched by a puzzled bull-terrier. He had no difficulty in connecting them with the flying farmer. He came up to the absorbed pair unnoticed, and standing over them said quietly, "What's the joke, Tinker?"

Tinker sprang to his feet and, wiping away the joyful tears, said, "I have been playing at hunting runaway slaves."

"Ah, Alloway was the slave?" said Sir Tancred.

"Yes, sir," said Tinker.

Sir Tancred dropped the subject; he knew by experience that the truth might be painful hearing, and that he should probably hear it from Tinker's flying partner in the game quite soon enough.

"What are you doing with that dog?" he said.

"I borrowed him," said Tinker.

Sir Tancred looked Blazer carefully over: "He's a very good dog," he said. "How would you like him for a birthday present?"

Tinker's eyes shone as a long vista of scrapes out of which Blazer's teeth might help him opened before his mind. "Ever so much!" he said quickly.

"Come on, then; we'll go and buy him." And they set out for the village.

Mr. Green stood in the door of the smithy, and grinned enormously at the sight of the returning Tinker. Sir Tancred said:

"Good-morning, Green. Do you care to sell this dog? I'll give you three pounds for him."

Mr. Green said, "Three pound"; and stared helplessly at the cottages opposite, confused by the need to assimilate on the spur of the moment a new idea.

"Three pounds?" said Tinker quickly. "Why, he only cost fifteen shillings a year ago!"

"An orfer is an orfer!" said Mr. Green quickly, his wits spurred at the sudden prospect of a lowering of the price; "and I takes it."

As he led away Blazer with a new proprietary pride, Tinker said firmly to Sir Tancred, "I shall go on considering him a bloodhound, sir."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ A fair division is where we get the lion's share.

¶ "When two quarrel both are in the wrong," except when we happen to be one of the both.

¶ There are few differences in men; there are millions of unnecessary differences between men.

¶ The best thing about President Roosevelt's glittering generalities is that they do really glitter.

¶ Doing good to others is the only true happiness. It is good even though the others may not know it.

¶ It was a very foolish girl who sang, "Nobody Loves Me; Nobody Cares." The world hates failures.

¶ The man who keeps a balance-sheet on his own life makes his biggest mistake when he overlooks the first small error

¶ What the great West seems to need is a judicious and well-distributed compromise between its floods and its droughts.

¶ Pride costs. The bald-headed man pays as much for a hair-cut as anybody else. If he called for a shine he might save.

¶ During the present year there is more home-building than was ever known in the history of the country, and the important part of it is in the suburbs and in the rural regions within reach of cities. Moreover, there is distinct improvement in the size, quality, and genuine merits of the houses. And what is of even larger importance is the fact that every man who builds is trying to get as much ground about his home as possible. All this is the best kind of good news. It means happier lives, stronger children, and the best generation of Americans that the nation has ever known.

The Apostles of Eating Less

IT HAS been a fine year for the increasing thousands who have fads about their food. The high prices of almost everything in the market have given the opportunity. The advocates of no breakfast, of meat once a day, of no meat at all, of certain kinds of vegetables, of no kinds of vegetables, of nuts only, of the absolute avoidance of nuts, of raw fruit, of fruit only when cooked, of neither coffee nor tea nor sassafras, and of all the other things or of any part of things or of no things at all, have come forth not singly but in battalions, and have told us how to live to be a hundred—if we don't die

It would be gross ingratitude not to be thankful to these advisers. They are sincere. They want to do good. They give their time for the benefit of others. They are sad to think of ignorant thousands going to early graves on full stomachs. They raise their warning voices against satiety. People should stop eating before they get enough. The old saying about losing what is left on the plate finds no echo in their doctrines. Eating for the sake of eating is sin. Eating all the things that are offered is wickedness. So they find something bad in every number of the bill-of-fare—from typhoid fever in raw oysters to dyspepsia and vain regrets in pie.

They have a right to their convictions. A man down in Virginia went without food for thirty days this year. But likely as not they doubled the price of his board for the next month. People use the starvation plan for many ailments Many of them go to health resorts and pay fifty dollars to the hotel doctor who strikes off from the bill-of-fare all the good things they would like to eat. The hotels get their savings; the doctor gets his big fees, and they get—hungry. But most of the faddists have their imaginations in their culinary departments, and it is not reasonable of them to expect the robust members of society to follow their examples. It may be wrong, but the average American wants breakfast. It may hurt him, but he will have meat. He may be jeopardizing his very soul, but he likes to play with the menu all the way from soup to satisfaction. And somehow it agrees with him. Look at the other nations. We don't know of any that beat him when the food or the fuel within him works its way to results in the progress and civilization of mankind.

The Cato of Wall Street

IN THE Wall Street of to-day Russell Sage looks like an old Puritan at a revel of Charles the Second's court, like a Cato among the Sybarite Senators of imperializing Rome. Around his plainly clad figure and sober face, reminiscent of the long ago, winks and jeers a fashionably dressed throng of gamblers and speculators and Napoleons of finance. They are drunk upon the hashish of the prosperity which they fantastically fancy they have produced. They listen to his counsels of prudence and moderation and safe business lines—counsels born of sixty years of business experience—but they listen only that they may have something more to laugh at. And they go away to hold to derision the "old miser," the "old Shylock," the horrible example of the "mere money grubber, devoid of imagination and of warm, red blood."

It would not be difficult to think of a life more exemplary than one devoted exclusively to money-getting. But in this respect is Russell Sage either better or worse than most of the others in Wall Street? And, assuming the Wall Street conditions, how does he compare with those who deride him?

They gamble; he conducts a safe and legitimate business. They "raid" and "cut throats" and "shear sheep," and engage in vast and leaky "flotations," and dig great pits concealed under flowers so alluring that they often stumble in themselves along with those they intended to trap; he promotes careful and conservative and well-grounded business and severe business honor by never lending a dollar except upon sound security and by insisting upon payment to the last penny of the promise. They eat and drink like Babylonish barbarians, they squander their winnings in prodigal living, in mad extravagances, in absurd and destructive ostentations; he lives and dresses simply, he does not impair his health by dissipation, by "hot and rebellious liquors," by huge digestion-destroying luncheons and dinners.

They pour out money in cheap "charity," in pauperizing philanthropies, in gaudy generosities that either baldly or subtly increase the number of dependents and trucklers and that undermine the proud American spirit of independent manhood which asks no favors and will accept none. He invests part of his surplus in sensible helpfulness of giving, the most of it over and over again in the most useful and least harmful manner—in legitimate business where it will add to the opportunities to earn a livelihood and will promote the spirit of independence and self-reliance. They display all the garish vices of the swaggering bandit. He does not display, but lives the homely virtues that were the pattern of the fathers of the Republic. Do not they disseminate false ideals of success, what it is and how to win it; do not they spread the pernicious sway of that appalling code of ethics, widely and unfavorably known as "Wall Street Morality"? Does not he rather promote the old ideals that made this nation great, that built and filled brim-full those reservoirs of strength upon which this generation draws and exuberantly lives?

It is no answer to allege that Russell Sage is conservative to narrowness, is frugal to meanness, is plain almost to shabbiness. These are vices which have never found many imitators, have never yet sapped the character of the people. Whereas the vices which his virtues rebuke are the vices that have filled our earth with lamentations and have strewn its surface with the pitiful ruins of greatness.

If we must look to Wall Street for our models and in an industrial nation such as we have become that seems inevitable—might not the future of character and country be safer if we should look with less satiric eyes at Russell Sage and with more critical eyes at those who deride him as "small" and "old-fogy"?

Arms and the American

LORD WOLSELEY has repeated his assertion that the American army is the best in the world. That would seem rather surprising to the German officer who declined to study the battles of our Civil War on the ground that he took no interest in the movements of armed mobs, but it has the advantage of being true

The Regular Army of the United States five years ago was not only the most perfect fighting machine then existing but one of the most perfect that ever had existed. It is not quite so good now, because it has been diluted since then by a lot of raw material that has not yet been completely assimilated But most of the raw elements, as far as the rank and file are concerned, would be considered veterans according to the standard of Continental Europe, where from a third to half the men in uniform are always new recruits and the ranks are entirely refilled every two or three years.

The American soldiers are the picked soldiers of a nation of eighty million people. Each is one out of three hundred men of military age, and he has transferred himself from the civilian three hundred into the ranks because he has a natural taste for a military life. On the Continent of Europe the conscription takes in everybody—the strong and the weak, the man who was born to fight and the man who was born to measure tape behind a counter. In England the army in time of peace is the refuge of life's failures—the social wrecks who are not admitted to respectable alehouse taprooms in uniform

The Continental officers are usually required to know their business, but the service suffers from the tradition that the military profession is the natural recourse of a "gentleman," whether he have any vocation that way or not. In England the officers' mess is frankly a social club, whose members bitterly resent any attempt to make them take their professional duties seriously. In America the officer, like the soldier, is a man who has entered the service because he likes the life, and not because there is any social pressure impelling him in that direction. He makes arms his profession just as unreservedly as the doctor makes medicine his. He is thoroughly trained for that profession, he usually depends upon his salary for his living, and he works as hard at soldiering as he would work at making out waybills if he were employed in a railroad freight office. His whole environment impels him to that sort of work. If he spent his time playing polo and betting on horse-races he would come to grief as promptly as Lieutenant Gregson of the British Army did when he scandalized his messmates by trying to perform his professional duties conscientiously.

Subtract the religious fanaticism from Cromwell's New Model or the hero worship from Napoleon's Old Guard, and you will have something very like the American Regular Army.

The Geniuses of Action

IN ALL ages there have been individuals dowered with the energies of a score of men. And these energies seem ever restless—at the boiling point, ready to leap forth geyser-like. When, as in old times, they were turned into the channels of war and violence, they were the balefulest of scourges; like the wasted and outpouring sulphur reek, they blighted all about them. In later centuries such fierce, uncurbable spirits of strength found their expression in the arts, and created the giants of brush and pen and chisel. In our own time and in America they are not in war, nor are they in the arts. The truth is plainly otherwise. It is for no seeing man's denial Modern genius has grasped the hammers; it is loosing its pent-up strength upon the anvil of industrial development.

A century ago the pioneer cleared his fifty acres and used what logs he needed to build his cabin. The pioneer of to-day, no less sun-tanned and indomitable, leads in an army of choppers who clear five hundred thousand acres; and he uses the logs to build cities. The pioneer of a century ago set up his rude smithy and forged ploughshares and ox-chains. The pioneer of to-day forges railroads and steamship lines. Where his progenitor sought on the hillside for a few pounds of clay for his fireplace, he drives his strength against the mountain range with the sweeping force of the hydraulic monitor, and lays bare mines of iron and gold and sulphur. He does not harness the slow-footed ox-team. He puts his yoke upon the strong, leaping waterfalls. He does not plan for the rotation of crops. He plans the rotation of industries. He is not preparing a place for his own kin, but for new peoples and new states.

And who shall say that this is not greatness? What American is not proud that from his country come these men? What philosopher, seeing what the world has now in preparation, will say that in art and letters these Herculean energies could better be expended? Will the collegian meditate, or the statesmen enact laws any less wisely hereafter, that these geniuses of action have worked very greatly now?

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The Captains of the Farming Industry—By WILLIAM R. DRAPER

SCENE AT ROCKEFELLER RANCH (Kiowa County, Kansas)

FRED. WELLHOUSE

ANOTHER farmer who has become a captain of industry is Mr. Fred. Wellhouse, owner of the largest apple orchard in the United States. He has 1500 acres in apples near Leavenworth, Kansas, and gathers from three to eighty thousand bushels of apples every season. Mr Wellhouse started in the apple-growing business with only a few hundred dollars, but to-day he is worth several hundred thousand dollars. He commenced in 1875 with no money, but a definite knowledge of tree growing His first orchard was set out upon land belonging to a friend. Out of the first crop he made enough to pay for the ground. He then began buying land, increasing his orchard from 160 to 400 acres every year until 1895. His largest crop was in 1890, when he harvested 80,000 bushels and cleared $35,000. His apples are shipped all over the United States and to some of the foreign ports. Mr. Wellhouse is considered an expert in the apple business, and was elected a member of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture because of his vast orchards in the State. He is considered an authority by the United States Department of Agriculture, and his advice is frequently asked.

Another leading farmer in the West is Samuel W. Forsha, whose 5000-acre farm near Hutchinson, on the Missouri Pacific Railway, in Kansas, is known far and wide as an alfalfa ranch. Alfalfa is comparatively a new crop in the West and has never been raised east of the Mississippi River. It is excellent feed for cattle. Mr. Forsha has 1100 acres in alfalfa the largest field of its kind in the United States. He also has 1000 acres in rye and wheat. Besides the cereals he ships about 2000 head of cattle every year.

Mr. Forsha attributes his success to hard work. But he does not believe, like many farmers, in working from daylight until dark the year round. Every winter he takes a vacation, going to some Eastern city. In summer he is too busy with the crops to leave. Mr. Forsha is an enthusiast upon yachting. Every fall, after the crops have been laid by, he takes a trip to the Atlantic Coast for the purpose of witnessing the races. Mr. Forsha is one of the best-dressed farmers in Kansas, his table is set with most excellent viands, and there is considerable style exhibited to the visitor. But Mr. Forsha is as plain with his men as he is cultured with his guests. One of them thus expressed his admiration of the boss, which he said was the opinion of all: "Sam is never too big-headed to speak to us when we meet him, nor does he object to giving us time to eat our meals."

Mr. Forsha often gives his helpers two hours off in midday. This is an innovation on the Western farm. He entertains guests from Kansas City and Hutchinson a great deal. The Forsha ranch is known as a retreat for fashionable folk of the Western plains. During the alfalfa cutting time he spends his whole time in the field, but at other seasons of the year he may be found in his office on the ranch, managing his voluminous business affairs.

Mr. Forsha is an art connoisseur, having upon the walls of his library many works of celebrated painters. The farm helpers are afforded the best books of the day to read and many of them are becoming well versed in literature as they tread the fields. He is a "hustler," liberal with his men, but a close dealer with those who deal with him.

Mr. Forsha's ranch bears the unique distinction of being one of the few which have a post-office for the sole convenience of the owner and his employees. He also maintains a weather station, keeping a record of the weather every day in the year. His ranch house, containing eighteen rooms, is equipped with water, gas and bathrooms. There is a bathroom for every farm employee's room, and the innovation has proven a useful as well as a healthful idea. He has a long-distance telephone connection with the Kansas City stock and grain markets, and Mr. Forsha always takes advantage of a sudden rise in the markets to unload some of his holdings. He is one of the few farmers who believe it is cheaper to buy corn for feeding purposes than it is to raise it. Some years he buys 125,000 bushels of corn. He has owned his ranch twelve years, starting in as others have done on a very small capital His alfalfa always nets him from $10 to $15 an acre, or twice the amount of wheat. He cuts the fields just as they are blooming, and at a height of about three feet. Cutting is done on a large scale, nine mowers running, and from fifteen to thirty men putting the fallen hay into stacks. His stacking crew puts up 100 tons, or $500 worth, daily. The ordinary land upon his ranch produces three tons an acre of alfalfa every season. Alfalfa can be cut from two to three times each season, and pastured three months in the fall and spring besides. It is the best forage crop ever raised

Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Draper's two papers on this subject.

Mr. Blaine's Employment Bureau

DAVID W. BLAINE

DAVID W. BLAINE is a well-known wheat grower of Western Kansas, but his principal claim for recognition as a captain of Western industry is that he has organized an industrial system for furnishing harvest hands to the farmers of the Middle West that rivals the free employment bureaus. Mr. Blaine's work is entirely without personal gain. He furnishes from fifteen to thirty thousand workers every summer to the wheat growers. In the spring he gathers through the township assessors a report upon the amount of wheat sown by each farmer, and the prospect at the beginning of the growing season. By use of the crop reports he can keep close tab on the condition in every field until within a week of cutting time, when he sends out word to the larger cities to send so many men to each community

Mr. Blaine first secured his ideas from his own needs. He owns a large wheat ranch in Pratt County, Kansas. During the wheat harvest season several years ago there was a scarcity of helpers in that vicinity. Mr. Blaine sent word to the free employment bureau at Kansas City. The men were sent to him, but long before they had arrived at Pratt

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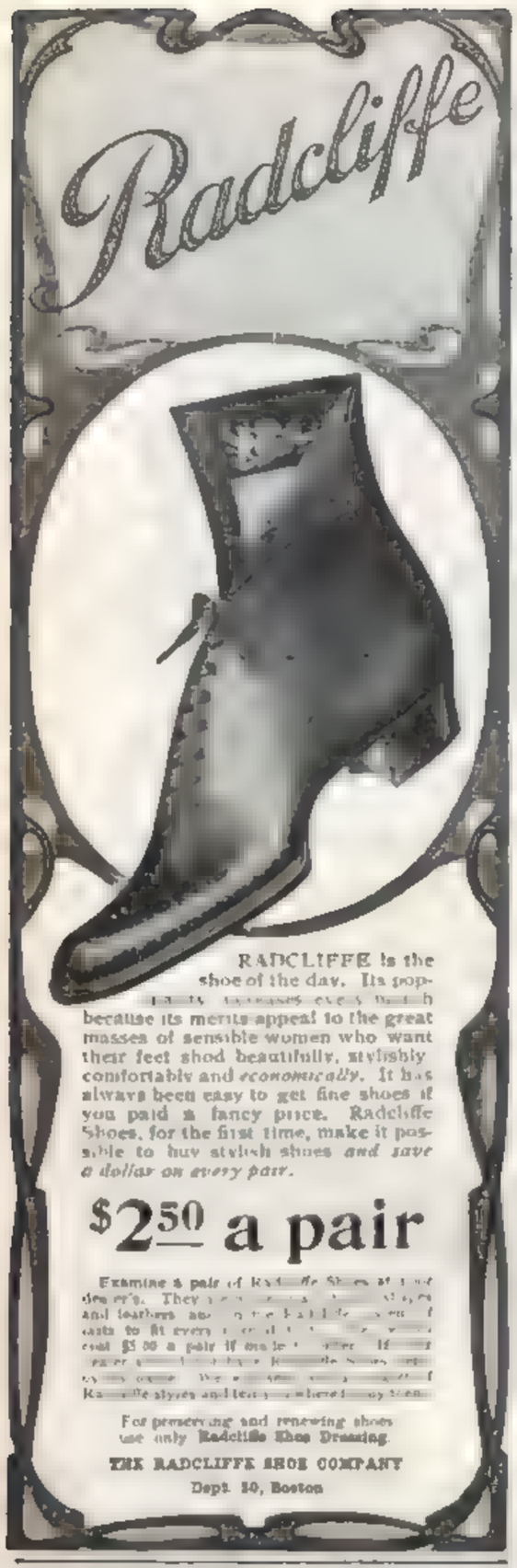

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other farmers, in dire need of help, had cheerfully helped them. His crop went to ruin for lack of helpers. The following season he sent in larger orders and kept telegraphing for more until the congregation reached his place. Then year after year he increased the size of his orders, took note of the area and condition of crops, and for the past two years the farmers have depended upon Mr. Blaine's bureau for their harvest hands.

Charles B. Farewell, of Channing, Texas, is the principal owner and the manager of the largest ranch in the world, which contains 3,000,000 acres and is known as The X. I. T. On this ranch are some 20,000 steers. Eighteen or twenty thousand are fattened and shipped to the markets of Chicago, New York and Europe annually. Mr. Farewell, at the head of The Capitol Syndicate, bought this land sixteen years ago. Texas was then in need of a fine capitol building. Farewell and his business associates agreed to build one if they were granted the 3,000,000 acres in the Panhandle country. The ranch is 200 miles long in places. It is larger than the State of Connecticut and covers nine counties in Texas. Two towns are situated upon the ranch—Channing and Texline. Telephone lines run along the top of the fences and connect various parts of the ranch. There are 200 miles of fence and 300 wells upon the ranch. Each well is supplied with a windmill. Mr. Farewell was formerly a United States Senator, but he has an eye to the cattle business. He personally directs all cattle shipments, catches the upward trend of the market and buys supplies for the ranch. There are 150 cowboys and eight foremen on the ranch. Mr. Farewell believes that the day of the large ranches is passing, hence he has lately issued orders for the sale of a portion of this vast tract to home-seekers.

The X. I. T. cowboys are the kind one reads about. They can ride all day without being met by a white man. It is here that the Mexican greaser dramatically dominates everything and cowboys are gone for days upon a round-up. The wildest frontier life of the West is found in Channing and surrounding towns. Mr. Farewell never objects to the conduct of his cowboys. He pays them their $25 a month and board and only asks them to show up regularly for work. Mr. Farewell, however, looks closely to his herds. He is making money for himself and his company and he has done the State of Texas much good in improving the Panhandle country. Within a few years the great ranch will be cut up into small farms and ranches, and Mr. Farewell will be farming on the same immense scale on which he is now raising and selling steers.

H. B. Spaulding, the "Cattle King"

Cattle King is a phrase used but in passing. It is a part of the past, indeed. But down in the Creek Nation, Indian Territory, the natives still look upon Mr. H. B. Spaulding as a king of the herds. He leases from the Indians 40,000 acres, shipping to the markets 25,000 cattle annually.

Mr. Spaulding is a born cattle buyer. Herein lies his success. Cattlemen have always been "plungers." They buy herds upon time, and often when pasturage is poor, feed high, and the markets uncertain and low, they go broke. The failure of cattlemen is a very ordinary business event; in fact, statistics prove that they fail more frequently than any other class of tradesmen. But Mr. Spaulding, though imbued with all the nerve of the plunger, is conservative. He looks a herd over and in five minutes offers a price for them "on the hoof." If the offer is accepted Mr. Spaulding pays cash, drives his herd to his pastures and weighs them, makes a mental calculation of his profit, and goes out ready to buy more herds at guess weight. He is considered the best judge of a steer's value of any cattleman in the Southwest.

Ten years ago Indian Territory was a virgin country, almost unexplored by shrewd business men. One day a young man, tall, lithe and dirty, rolled into Muskogee by the side-door Pullman route. He sought employment in the village stores, later he sought to lease land from the Creek Indians, and now he controls the largest cattle ranch in the whole Territory. Mr. Spaulding possessed the ready faculty of getting on well with redskins. Through them he made his fortune. With the land once in hand he found men willing to buy cattle and let him fatten them on shares.

There are other farmers and ranchmen who deserve to enter the list of unknown captains of industry, but their methods of handling the herds and crops differ but little from those herein described. These are the men who are making the West famous.

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Daily routine even in a well-organized business tends to make fossils of employees and employers alike, and that, too, unconsciously.

EMPLOYERS

Do you consider from time to time the personnel of your force? It is not enough in a successful business that "everything shall run smoothly." The top goes to sleep in its smooth motion just before it topples to the ground.

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Are you fitted by training or experience for some special position of responsibility? For instance, are you an expert accountant, a trained office manager, an experienced engineer or factory superintendent? Are you a Cashier, Expert Bookkeeper, Cost Keeper or Salesman? What can you do best, and how do you know you can do it best?

The Hapgood Bureau was organized to bring together employees of this class and employers who need their services. It receives daily inquiries for men of proved ability in some particular field. If you are "working in a rut" in some place where your best abilities are not brought into play or are inadequately rewarded the Bureau may know the place where you can work to the best advantage.

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HANOVER, N. H., August 1, 1902

I take pleasure in recommending the Hapgood Bureau. My personal knowledge of Mr. Hapgood and of the officers of the Bureau is so definite that I have no hesitancy in commending him and his associates as men worthy of the highest confidence, both in respect to their judgment and their integrity. I am confident that whatever statements they make can be regarded as absolutely trustworthy, and also that they can be relied upon for such invention and enterprise as would ensure success to any business entrusted to them.

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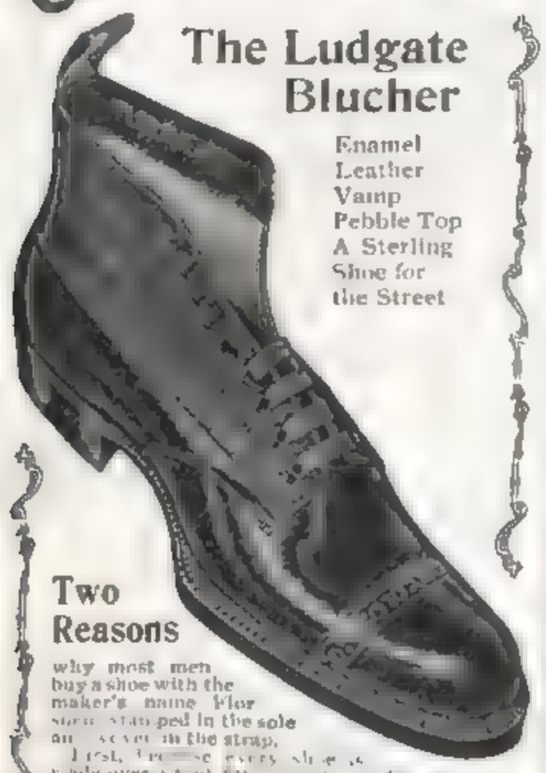

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The Wit of the London Cabmen

By William Armstrong

WHEN Thackeray wrote of "cab wit"—the repartee that comes to a man when he is driving home from a place where he should have thought of it—the wit of the London cabman may have had something to do with suggesting the phrase. The London cabman is the ultra-representative of the good-humored, chaffing spirit of the metropolitan. In sunny and in rainy weather, at the stand or on his box, hardy as an English sparrow, and in a way its prototype, the London cabman is never at a loss for an answer. The busier the day, the more crowded the thoroughfare or the greater the blockade, the nimbler his wit and the readier his tongue. A word, a wink, a significant turn of his whip are the quieter methods of its expression, and convey a fun so telling that, taken in association with the incident of the moment, they bring a smile from the occupants of vehicles up and down the roadway, no matter how vexed they may be at delay or impatient to reach the journey's end.

When the energetic war was in progress between cabmen privileged to take up a stand inside the courtyard of railway stations and those not entitled to the right, but appropriating it, the less fortunate, recognizing their position, took an original way of righting it. They simply made life a burden to their more fortunate colleagues, and by what appeared on the surface to be the most innocent behavior. No sooner did a railway four-wheeler or cab with luggage on top and "fare" inside appear than up and down the street every rival driver and all of his sympathizers began to whistle "There is a Happy Land." Not a word was spoken; it was nothing but four bars of whistled melody. But it wore on the nerves. The embargo was lifted. The unfortunate fortunates could simply stand the cost of it no longer.

Cabby's Pride in a Pretty Fare

An unusually bad blockade stopped traffic one day lately in Trafalgar Square. The policeman then in charge at this particular point was celebrated as the homeliest man on the force. With that admirable discipline the London policeman commands, he had stopped the whole line of vehicles by raising a finger. One cabby, inattentive of the order, moved forward and was given a sharp reprimand. The offender heard out every word with the utmost politeness. Then, leaning forward with an air of great solicitation, he said to the homely policeman, "Oh, sir, how often have I akst you for your photograph?"

Every man in the neighborhood roared with laughter, in which the victim, after a little natural hesitation, presently joined himself.

Madame Nordica was driving to a rehearsal at the Covent Garden Opera, and being late had bidden the driver to hurry. Sitting up with that particularly smart air that he assumes when his "fare" is one attracting general attention, he was threading his way in and out between wheels as only a London cabby can do. Presently the shaft of a following vehicle struck his cab lightly. Turning with withering politeness he asked, "An' 'ow do you like the city?" This "threading" process in driving and the accuracy with which the cabby reckons his bearings proves a source of wonder, perhaps, to all except the born Londoner. If the driver happens to be in an unusual hurry it has less charm for the timid than for those who are not. A certain anxious "fare" bore with what he considered the reckless driving of his cabby as long as he could. Thrusting open with his cane the trap in the roof he called excitedly, "Do you know you missed the hubs of that 'bus by the sixteenth of an inch?" "An' 'ow much less would you 'ave me do it by, sir?" asked the driver in a tone of injured innocence.

An irate cabman, whose vehicle had been badly bumped into, found, or thought he found, the culprit three days later. At the moment of the accident he had escaped him. Having lost more than one "fare" in the search for him he was proportionately glad of his final success. Things looked rather black for the defendant who had answered to all marks of identification. He was a jovial little man and not a physical match for the plaintiff.

After the proof against him, which certainly seemed to fasten his guilt, his accuser reiterated for the sixteenth time, "I tell you, I know you." The thought of two possible

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black eyes may have sharpened the little man' wits. "Did I ever borrow any money of you?" he asked. "No," answered the other, nonplussed. "Then you don't know me," he said. "He don't! He don't!" echoed every cabby on the rank.

Whether because of the joke or the sympathy with which it was taken up, the incident was closed then and there.

A four-wheeler, piloted by a driver with a long beard and sage aspect, crawled from a side street across a thoroughfare. The horse drawing it moved so slowly that he seemed to pose on each separate foot as he stepped. It drew up, so to speak, immediately in front of another four-wheeler piled high with luggage and evidently trying to make a train. The driver of the brisker steed reined up sharp, calling in a tone whose drawl made his words the funnier, "An' where is the bloomin' fire?"

His Spirits Never Dampened

It is marvelous how the cabby keeps his spirits up alike in dripping rain or sunny weather. To be sure, the cab industry flourishes better in a downpour than in sunshine, but that has, apparently, little to do with the case. If he is not cheerful the cause lies deeper than the barometer.

One of the worst of the very wet days preceding the coronation the cab stand in Regent Street, just off Piccadilly Circus, where often vehicles are drawn up in double row for near on to half a mile, was empty save for one lone cabman. The rest were all engaged skimming about the wet surface of the streets like big, black waterbugs. This lone cabman, a very little and a very rotund man, stood beside his vehicle. His long waterproof coat, from which ran threads of rain, made him look shorter and more circular than ever. "An' when does the balloon go up?" shouted a colleague in pretended excitement as he caught sight of him in passing.

Two little country girls with faces like apple blossoms sat in a cab, their luggage on top, bound for a railway station. The average London cabby is a gallant. When he has a handsome "fare" inside there is a spruceness in his manner and an air with which he pilots his charge that are peculiar to the situation. He may pretend indifference to the honor, but he is never very successful. At such times, as his colleagues pass him, they are not above whistling the opening bars of "Where are You Going, My Pretty Maid?" They do not need even to look inside the vehicle to know the inspiring cause of this extra jauntiness. They have assumed that same air too often themselves to mistake its meaning in another. With the driver of this particular cab the jauntiness was presently lost in anxiety. He found himself caught in a funeral procession. His directions had been to make a certain train at Euston Station. At that moment it was not quite clear to him how he was going to do it. Alive to responsibility, he had contrived to switch his cab in immediately behind the hearse, but pass it he could not. He was going at a snail's pace when he should have gone at a gallop. If he could not see the fair faces in the cab below he could imagine the anxiety in their expression. Clearly, something had to be done, and he did it. "I say, guv'ner," he called cheerily to the hearse driver, "won't you turn out and let me pass? My 'fare's' in a hurry and yours ain't."

A Cabby's Clever Compliment

But the London cabby can be gallant in word as well as deed. One night a particularly handsome young lady stepped into a cab and called the direction, "Covent Garden."

"Opera or Market, Miss?" asked the driver, who knew perfectly well that it was not the latter.

"Opera, of course," came the curt answer.

"The flowers always get to the market this time o' night, Miss. Excuse me for askin'."

In alighting from a cab a man handed up his fare with twopence extra as tip. Eying the twopence for an instant with scorn the driver turned and asked feelingly: "Are you sure you can spare it, sir?" Again the "fare" had neglected any tip at all. The drive had been long and the night was a rainy one. As he was entering the house the cabby called him. Thinking he had left something in the vehicle he hurried back, not stopping to raise his umbrella. Waiting until he had reached the curb the cabman leaned forward and said, in the most confidential of tones: "Take a 'bus next time, sir; you're spendin' your money too reckless."

Then he whipped up his horse and drove off.

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In December, 1902, will be issued the first American edition of Sandow's Magazine of Physical Culture, and to insure an edition of at least one hundred thousand copies, I **make this extraordinary offer:** Upon the receipt of $1.00 (the subscription price) I will send the magazine monthly to any address for one year, and give as a premium, **free of charge,** my regular $10.00 postal course in Physical Culture

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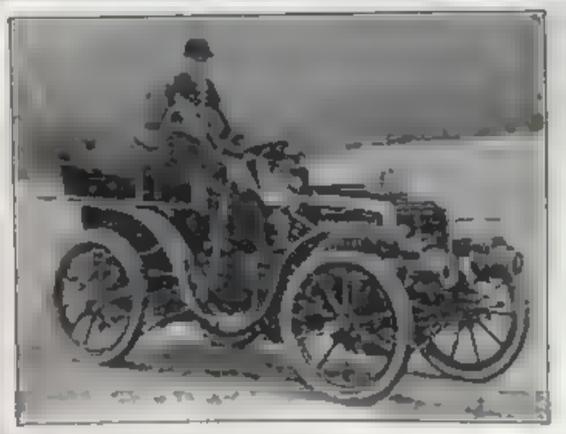

Col. John Jacob Astor in his Panhard, the one machine out of the many he owns that he reserves for his own personal use. A picture from "Automobiles," the new book (complimentary) issued by

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Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

(*Concluded from Page 5*)

the Ten Commandments and the Sunday-school lesson by heart.

There was a whole chapter of it, and an Old Testament chapter at that, but I laid right into it because I knew ma, and supper was only two hours off. I can repeat that chapter still, forward and backward, without missing a word or stopping to catch my breath.

Every now and then old Doc Hoover used to come into the Sunday-school room and scare the scholars into fits by going around from class to class and asking questions. That next Sunday, for the first time, I was glad to see him happen in, and I didn't try to escape attention when he worked around to our class. For ten minutes I'd been busting for him to ask me to recite a verse of the lesson, and, when he did, I simply cut loose and recited the whole chapter and threw in the Ten Commandments for good measure. It sort of dazed the Doc, because he had come to me for information about the Old Testament before, and we'd never got much beyond, And Ahab begat Jahab, or words to that effect. But when he got over the shock he made me stand right up before the whole school and do it again. Patted me on the head and said that I was "an honor to my parents and an example to my playmates."

I had been looking down all the time, feeling mighty proud and scared, but at that I couldn't help glancing up to see the other boys admire me. But the first person my eye lit on was your grandma, standing in the back of the room, where she had stopped for a moment on her way up to church, and glaring at me in a mighty unpleasant way.

"Tell 'em, John," she said right out loud, before everybody.

There was no way to run, for the Elder had hold of my hand, and there was no place to hide, though I reckon I could have crawled into a rat hole. So, to gain time, I blurted out:

"Tell 'em what, mam?"

"Tell 'em how you come to have your lesson so nice."

I learned to hate notoriety right then and there, but I knew there was no switching her off on the weather when she wanted to talk crops. So I shut my eyes and let it come, though it caught on my palate once or twice on the way out.

"Hooked a watermelon, mam."

There wasn't any need for further particulars with that crowd, and they simply howled. Ma led me up to our pew, allowing that she'd tend to me Monday for disgracing her in public that way—and she did.

That was a twelve-grain dose, without any sugar coat, but it sweat more cant and false pride out of my system than I could get back into it for the next twenty years. I learned right there how to be humble, which is a heap more important than knowing how to be proud. There are mighty few men that need any lessons in that.

Your affectionate father,
JOHN GRAHAM.

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WITHIN the last dozen years the business of bread-making has been relegated largely to machinery, and in many bakeries the raw materials are converted into dough by means of a somewhat complicated apparatus that does the work without intervention by human hands. Obviously, the next step is to devise a contrivance that will knead the dough and transform it into loaves ready for the oven. Machinery of such a character has been tried, but nothing of the kind seems to have been so satisfactory as a piece of mechanism which has just been patented.

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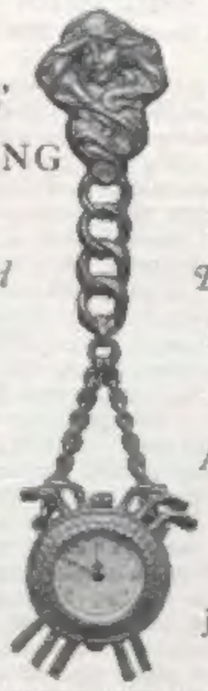

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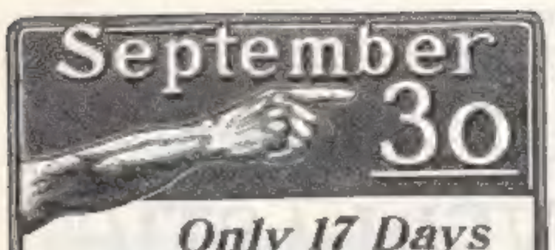

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Between the Lines

EVERY editor of experience has probably received manuscripts which actually or apparently originated from insane asylums, and also manuscripts actually written in jail. One formerly famous forger wrote a large part of his autobiography in prison, and a defaulting bank officer produced a novel under the same conditions. It appears that a piece of prison literature has been discovered in Chicago which is said to tell the story of the prisoner's adventurous life up to the point where the criminal career began. That such a study of character evolution should be interesting can be understood even without the indorsement of that competent and original author, Mr. Stanley Waterloo. It should prove more curious as literature than Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh's The World's Rough Hand, and more interesting at present than the tramp literature which has attained a copiousness like that of the historical romance, until the average reader feels a positive nausea at the mention of hoboes and hoboedom.

Young Lochinvars from the West

That this life-story should come from the West is in no way surprising, for the West is the country of the unexpected. At a time when the average Easterner regarded Kansas largely as a distant land associated historically with John Brown, and with surreptitious shipments of Bibles and muskets, there was a certain hard-driven country editor in Kansas whose change from the fretting detail of the day was to drag himself to his malodorous office at night and write of the life which he knew. It was not a cheerful life, and the book had a sombre intensity which probably repelled the average reader, for the courageous publisher who risked its output found little appreciation for his efforts until the book reached the man who saw, and the man who saw the author's heart and the power of his work was the man who has done so infinitely much for unknown American authors, William Dean Howells; and the book was Howe's Story of a Country Town.

The West has afforded many fairly dramatic literary appearances since the days of Bret Harte's first fame. Only two or three years ago John Uri Lloyd, a chemist and not at all a novelist professionally, made a sudden demand upon the interest of readers with his Stringtown on the Pike. Mr. Emerson Hough, a Chicago newspaper man, was persuaded to write The Story of the Cowboy for a series picturing historical types of the West, and the cordial reception of his work led to a novel, and then a second novel, the liberally advertised Mississippi Bubble. The rise of the young Indiana lawyer, Charles Major, was spectacular in its sudden completeness, and one might continue a list which would seem to show a certain emphasis, as it were, pertaining to literary arrivals in the West which is not so clearly defined in the seaboard country.

Emphasis of a certain sort there assuredly is in the arrival of Mary MacLane, whose story has probably received more discussion than is necessary. Given a young woman of peculiarly varied aspirations and longings and a decidedly morbid temperament, and given the sulphurous environment of Butte, Montana, and the results of the mixture may be very peculiar. Montana is understood to claim the American Marie Bashkirtseff, but the true Marie was of a very different order. If one were superstitious, the hope might be added that the comparison might not be carried further. The pathetic extinction of the real Marie must be still remembered by many readers; and, further, a tragedy attended the American translation of her book. It was brought out by a publisher of much ability who directed the American branch of an English house. Suddenly there was a disappearance, an absolute vanishing, and a wrecked business was left behind. New York never saw the publisher again, but years later there filtered down from a British Columbia mining camp a tale of his death while striving to make good the losses which he had caused.

The Libraries and the Publishers

One subject, among several to which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given an increased consequence is the effect of the growing number of libraries upon authors and publishers, and the effect also of certain phases of library development. Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Congressional Library, holds that no fiction should be bought for a year after publication,

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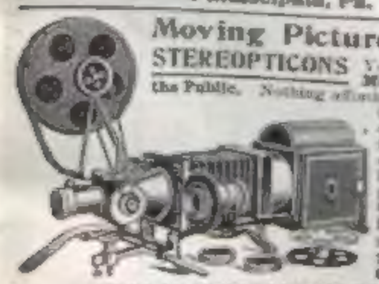

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and as we are told that the life of a novel is constantly growing shorter, the chances of purchases at the end of a year would be small. At the Providence Public Library in 1900 only seventeen current titles of fiction were purchased. Very naturally the pressure for new fiction and the desire to obtain circulation control the majority of librarians, but they have been appalled by the flood of fiction. At a Carnegie Library in Homestead there has been included the formation of small library sets for teachers, sets for pupils relating to their work, sets for supplementary reading, sets for study clubs, and in summer books are specially selected for Sunday-schools. This is of peculiar interest because it shows the variety of ways in which the resources of a library can be organized and applied. A Carnegie Library at Cheyenne has not only a periodical-room and various reading-rooms but also a smoking-room. The question arises, therefore, whether the modern library, like modern business, is likely to embody, as it were, the trust idea. If the library is to furnish books for teachers, supplementary reading for pupils and special selections for others, what will be the effect upon the authors and publishers who are now looking for individual sales?

On the other hand, the libraries have their troubles. They claim that the discounts offered by publishers under the new net system are insufficient, and that some books have been maintained at the former prices. They talk of a reduction in the number of purchases unless lower rates are made to libraries. And a matter of even greater concern to librarians is the development of that offshoot of the Booklovers Library, the Tabard Inn Library. The circulation of the regular libraries has been affected. The booksellers look askance at the Tabard Inn. From librarians and booksellers has come a warning that this wholesale circulation of books will carry disease germs, but it is hard to see why this danger does not exist in the case of the regular free libraries. Altogether the modern development of libraries is full of curious questions which readers, authors, booksellers and librarians are attempting to answer in widely divergent ways.

Winston Churchill's Political Ambition

The American Winston Churchill's ambition to enter public life differs from the usual rule in that he seeks an elective rather than an appointive office. American letters are well represented abroad by Dr. Andrew D. White (who, however, is about to retire from Berlin), by General Porter, who is an author as well as a man of affairs, by Arthur Sherburne Hardy in Switzerland, and others who have been preceded in the past by Lowell, Motley, Bancroft, Hay, Bret Harte, and a long line of distinguished men of letters. Winston Churchill, however, proposes to seek an election to the New Hampshire Legislature for a definite purpose, which is the protection of the New Hampshire forests, or more precisely the forests of the White Mountain region. Mr. Churchill's home is a notable feature of that charming little colony of writers and artists which was founded at Cornish on the banks of the Connecticut by the late C. C. Beaman, the son-in-law and partner of the late William M. Evarts. St. Gaudens, the famous sculptor, Dewing, the painter, Louis Evan Shipman, novelist and playwright, and many others have made their homes on the Cornish hills. Mr. Churchill's own career has been an interesting one. A graduate of Annapolis, he resigned from the navy to enter journalism, and his earlier experiences were in connection with the Army and Navy Journal and the Cosmopolitan Magazine. His first book, The Celebrity, was erroneously claimed to be a satire upon the redoubtable Richard Harding Davis, and for a time there were symptoms of a merry war. The success of Richard Carvel and The Crisis is known of all men, and the novel of modern American life which is to complete the triology will be awaited with interest.

Richard Carvel was dramatized by a member of Mr. Frohman's staff. The Crisis, which is to be produced in New York this autumn, has been prepared for the stage by the author himself. As to forestry, Mr. Churchill's action has been prompted by a most praiseworthy desire to preserve the glory of the White Mountains against the assaults of the lumbermen. That region and the forests to the east stretching into Maine are owned in large part by a lumber firm, and there is a prospect of the ruin which has been wrought elsewhere. Therefore Mr. Churchill has announced to the farmers of his bailiwick that he is a candidate for the Legislature, and the response has been most promising.

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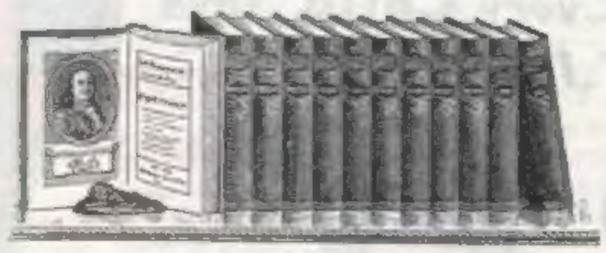

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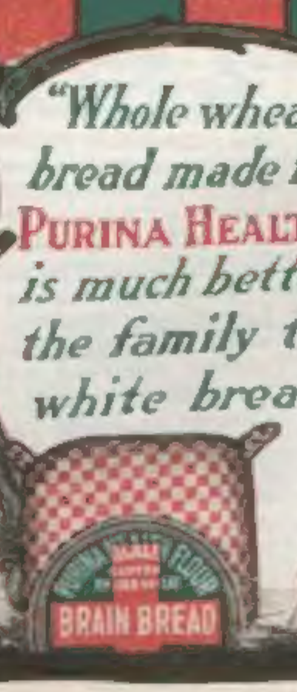

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